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Bookette:

Air Base

by Boone T. Guyton

Picture Play:

***I Cover
the Newsfront***

Fiction Feature:

Public Serrant

by Hugh Pentecost



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Articles

Have You a Quiz Kid in Your Home?	WELDON MELICK	3
Mobilizing the Elements	MICHAEL EVANS	11
I'm in the Navy Now!	MC GLELLAND BARCLAY	17
Screwballs, Inc.	HOWARD WHITMAN	26
Guinea Pigs of Gab	MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM	32
Major Bowes of the Opera	W. F. MC DERMOTT	50
Freight Trains Afloat	DOUGLAS J. INGELLS	61
Last Clipper to Lisbon	GRETTA PALMER	93
Enough Is Too Much	WALTER B. PITKIN	99
Lady of the Tiger	CLYDE VANDEBURG	104
Headaches Are a Luxury	HELEN FURNAS	145
Now It's Bundles for Bluejackets	BARBARA HEGGIE	150
Dirty Weather for White Collars	SHELBY C. DAVIS	157

Streamlined Novel

Mad Mission to Berlin: <i>Third of four parts</i>	OSCAR SCHISGALL	67
---	-----------------	----

Fiction Feature

Public Servant	HUGH PENTECOST	39
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Features

Names in Masquerade: <i>Fifty Questions</i>		55
Winter by the Sea: <i>Painting by John Whorf</i>		57
I Cover the Newsfront: <i>Picture Story by Weegee</i>		77
The Nine Young Men: <i>Portfolio of Personalities</i>		109
The Gallery of Photographs		121
Air Base: <i>Coronet Bookette</i>	BOONE T. GUYTON	161

Miscellany

Forgotten Mysteries	R. DEWITT MILLER	30
Soldiers Below Zero		37
Not of Our Species		75
Your Other Life		119
The Best I Know		155



Cover Girl

Douglas Johnston Smith is the name of the beauty on the front cover—so named by disappointed parents who were expecting a boy. You can identify her in Paramount's *The Fleet's In* as Laurie Douglas. The daughter of Juanita Johnston, movie actress during Valentino's heyday, Laurie made her stage debut at the age of 6, and when she did a Spanish dance in a grade school show at 9, she was part of the "atmosphere" in a musical comedy hit. She has been, successively, professional dancer, campus beauty queen at Oklahoma A. & M., and fashion model.

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Continued
Weldon Melick
9/1/42
How does your offspring stack up against radio's youngest board of experts? First, though, let's meet the Quiz Kids in person



Have You a Quiz Kid in Your Home?

by WELDON MELICK

RICHARD WILLIAMS' career as a Quiz Kid very nearly ended the first time he appeared on the program. He was too shy to raise his hand, and Joe Kelly didn't call on him. Fortunately someone suspected he was timid and saw that he got another chance a few weeks later. Since then, he's piled up records for the longest run of consecutive appearances (29), the greatest total number of appearances and the highest score ever made on the program.

Dickie is getting over his shyness, too. When the kids were asked to write a poem about things they hated, he wowed studio and radio audience alike with a verse about how he hated to take medicine—including Alka-Seltzer, which sponsors the show.

"Where on earth do you find kids like Richard and Gerard and Joan and Claude?" someone is always asking Lou Cowan, originator of the

Quiz Kids radio program.

He says: "You find smart children all over the country. Our regulars come from Chicago, because with our broadcasting setup, we can't draw from a larger area. If we could, we'd have them from every city you can name."

Certainly Chicago has no monopoly on bright children. Your child may be just as smart as Harve or Betty or Jack. If your youngster likes to read, if he occasionally knocks your hat off with the things that stick to his memory, if he is able to answer a fifth of the questions Joe Kelly puts to the Quiz Kids on a typical broadcast (no one of the five kids on a program has to answer more than a few of the questions) — then chances are your child could hold his own with this much publicized group of children.

To satisfy your curiosity, Coronet has devised a way for your child to

compete directly with the Quiz Kids as individuals. On page 7 appears a quiz never used on the air which was given privately to each of 11 leading Quiz Kids by this magazine. Their scores have been recorded for comparison with those of your youngsters.

FIRST, OF COURSE, you will want to know whether your child meets other Quiz Kid qualifications. Some are very important. All applicants in Chicago are put through elimination tests by Joseph W. Bailey, a genial young lawyer in the Quiz Kid office. The first step is to fill out a questionnaire, listing favorite reading, hobbies, school activities, answering other questions about background, and writing a short essay on why they feel they are qualified to be Quiz Kids. Incidentally, any cockiness apparent in this essay disqualifies a child. The slightest tendency toward brattishness or smartiness in the interview or audition stages likewise eliminates a candidate, regardless of intellectual attainments. And an unfortunate voice quality or habit may also prevent his consideration. So rigid are these precepts that all the regulars have loads of personality—there just isn't a brat in a carload.

A youngster doesn't have to be a prodigy or a genius to be a Quiz Kid. Most of the regulars have IQ's considerably under genius rating, although Richard Williams has one of the highest ever tested at the University of Chicago, and Van Dyke Tiers' is in the same exclusive neighborhood. Few are ahead of their chrono-

logical age in school, and only two (Joan Bishop and Van) had early careers as prodigies. Van's precocity got him in two movie shorts at the age of three, and he later started school in the fifth grade. Joan Bishop entertained in public from the age of three, and exhibited feminine logic—or stubbornness—at five, while giving a recital which included Brahms' *Lullaby*. When someone called for her to sing louder, she stopped long enough to say, "You can't put a baby to sleep hollering at him," and then continued in the same tender tones.

In answer to the questionnaire query: "Have you ever made radio or other public appearances?" Richard Banister, 13-year-old recent red-headed addition, wrote that he had "said two words in a play for the old ladies' home." His questionnaire was one of the untidiest, most illegible and unintentionally funny applications that have ever come into the office. One of the reasons he thought he would make a good Quiz Kid was: "I am very strong for Wilkie and MacNary." There was nothing at all on his questionnaire to indicate anything unusual except that as favorite reading he listed *Inside Europe* and *Inside Asia* by John Gunther and *First Principles of Astrology* along with the Oz Books and *Hans Brinker*. He turned out to be a wow in European history.

The board's American History expert is another red-head, Harve Fischman, 11, as roly-poly as Dick Banister is skinny. He doesn't look as though he'd ever cracked a book in his life. But a passionate interest in American



history was obvious from his reading list, and verified by the best audition since the program began.

The weekly audition, conducted in an NBC studio exactly as an authentic broadcast, is the next step in the weeding-out process. While sound engineers test voice qualities, Joe Bailey spends an hour asking 150 general questions on history, geography, science and literature, with a few reasoning and trick questions thrown in. This has been preceded by half-hour private interviews covering about 50 not-too-difficult questions, given to those whose questionnaires showed promise. The final test is a two-hour private interview:

Harve simply couldn't be stumped on history questions at his audition and interviews, and since then has often convulsed audiences with his intimate knowledge of the presidents' lives—and wives. He mentioned, after identifying the largest president as William Howard Taft, that he weighed 332 pounds and once got stuck in the White House bathtub and had to call for help, ordering a larger tub as soon as he was rescued.

On occasions, Harve's ignorance is as sensational as his knowledge, since he reads practically nothing but history books. Fifteen hundred people

gasped at a recent convention luncheon when the Quiz Kids were asked how they would pick a good bull and Harve said he'd buy the one that gave the most milk. But they practically rolled in the aisles when 13-year-old Betty Swanson, with a puzzled look on her face, half corrected him with: "I don't think bulls have much to do with dairy products, but most dairy farms have them around, don't they?"

Ruth Duskin's questionnaire was undeniably outstanding for a seven-year-old. She listed 12 favorite authors and 30 favorite books, including an encyclopedia and a set of story books. In her essay, she said: "I think I should be and I would like to very much be on the program because I love to play guessing games, do riddles and answer questions."

She thought it was a game when Bailey interviewed her, and began firing riddles right back at him. He almost did nip-ups when she was able to identify the youngest president ever inaugurated as Theodore Roosevelt, and excitedly asked her how old Teddy was at the time.

"I think he was 16," she said.

Ruth gave as her Quiz Kid qualities, "I have an excellent memory, a very good vocabulary, and I am at

ease in front of strangers. I love knowledge, and when I begin working at something I will not stop until I have finished." She is as much a perfectionist as Gerard, who was asked on one program to identify three fish of various habits after first establishing a fishy atmosphere by humming or singing *The Three Little Fishies*. Gerard ploughed inexorably through verse after verse in spite of everything Kelly could do to stop him, explaining afterwards that a story with a moral just falls flat if you stop before the ending!

In contrast to Ruth's very definite ideas about her qualifications, Claude Brenner wrote simply, "As to why I would like to compete with the Quiz Kids—I really don't know what to say, only that I think it would be most interesting and educational for me to do so, as I have never before spoken over the radio or made any other public appearances." His writing was careless and contained misspelled words and grammatical errors. His reading list was good but not complete. Bailey called him in for an interview only because he noted that Claude could read four languages and his list of travels looked like a Martin Johnson safari—including 10 Atlantic crossings from his home in Johannesburg, South Africa. (On one trip to the States when he was four, he made news by telling a reporter he saw lions nearly every day in Africa—but neglected to add that he lived near a zoo.)

Claude is the most ingratiating kid of the lot, and the most at home with

adults. Recently, Joe's announcement that Claude would return to the board at the next session, after being off several weeks, was greeted with an ovation such as only Gerard Darrow had ever been accorded. Claude is the only Quiz Kid who has been entrusted with the responsibilities of Quiz Master — pinch-hitting four times for Joe Kelly.

Claude's father died when he was eight months old. His mother is working at present as a sales clerk, in order not to have to touch Claude's Quiz Kid money, which is being saved for his education as an aeronautical engineer. Claude and his sister Sheila have done an admirable job of bringing each other up in their mother's necessary absence—they both have beautiful manners. The children have few friends, and have made radio and libraries suffice for recreation.

Claude perhaps best represents the typical Quiz Kid in age, ability, personality and living scale. Jack Lucal, consistently tough competition for all the other kids, misses this honor by being older than the others both in years and comportment; Betty Swanson misses it only by being a girl—Quiz Kids come predominantly in pants. Richard Williams and Van Dyke Tiers are exceptional rather than typical, being the only ones who can do a more than creditable job in any field of knowledge while being unbeatable along some lines. Their gifts amount to genius. But Claude is highly endowed in every single attribute looked for in a Quiz Kid.

Specialists like Joan, Gerard, Harve,

Dick Banister and Ruth, create the most amazing impression on the air, but Claude and Jack and Betty are the ones who hold the show together by doing a well-rounded job on all subjects. The Coronet Quiz scores bear this out. The five specialists got the lowest scores on a general quiz.

"With two or three exceptions," Lou Cowan insists, "the Quiz Kids are average kids—frequently from less than average homes—a street-worker's, a janitor's, a family whose only income is mother's home-made candy.

"As a rule they like to read but would rather play. If there's a difference between our kids and other kids, I'd say it's in *what* they read and *how* they read it."

On the subject of the Quiz Kids' reading tastes, it is perhaps significant to note that not one of the 11 youngsters identified "Superman" as Clark Kent, when I put the question to them, though most of them knew he was a comic strip character.

Gerard said disdainfully, "I used to read it when I was young, until I got wise to myself."

???

Quiz Kids Questions

CORONET gave the following quiz to 11 top-ranking Quiz Kids. You can learn whether your boy or girl is a potential Quiz Kid by comparing his or her score with those of Joan, Claude and company. Take the test yourself, too—you may be surprised. The average time consumed was one hour, although Richard Williams and Ruth Duskin spent but 20 minutes each. Ruth attempted six questions; Gerard, 11. Here's how the scoring works:

Each question counts four.

Each part of a two-part question counts two.

One part of a three-part question counts two; either two or three parts answered correctly count four.

In questions 4, 11, 12, 13 and 21, count one for each correct part (*answers on page 9*).

1. (a) What president had something in common with Cyclops?
(b) What president had something in common with a billiard ball?
(c) What president's funeral is not yet paid for?
2. Who painted these pictures?
 - (a) Arrangement in Gray and Black.
 - (b) Debris of an Automobile Giving Birth to a Blind Horse Biting a Telephone.
3. If two men should separate at the South Pole, one traveling due northeast and the other due northwest, which would reach conti-

mental land first?

4. On what page of your paper would you be most likely to meet each of these people—front page, sports page, comic page, movie page or radio page?
 - (a) Arlington Brough.
 - (b) Cokey Ace.
 - (c) A. Shickelgruber.
 - (d) Grover Alexander.
 - (e) Ralph Skinner.
5. If a chain is 20 feet long and each of its 80 links will hold $8\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, how many pounds will the whole chain hold?
6. Give two short rhyming words which describe the following:
EXAMPLE: A thin ghost—gaunt haunt.
 - (a) The last ship in a convoy.
 - (b) An unscrupulous butcher.
 - (c) A burning pleasure boat.
7. In what books do these talk:
 - (a) A stove.
 - (b) A toy pig.
 - (c) A flower.
8. If your electric refrigerator alternately uses current for 4 minutes and cuts off for 20 minutes, instead of running continuously at a cost of a cent an hour, how much would it cost to operate it in a 30-day month?
9. These kids may not be as real as the Quiz Kids, but they're on the radio. Give their last names and the programs they're in.
 - (a) Teddy.
 - (b) Peggy.
 - (c) Joey.
10. How would you explain the meanings of these phrases to Mr. Noah Webster?
 - (a) Strictly stock.
 - (b) I ain't hummin'.
 - (c) Don't hand me that jive.
11. Name four movie titles containing a fruit.
12. If you had the power to bring back these former rulers, to what country and title would you restore them?
 - (a) Haakon VIII.
 - (b) Carol Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen.
13. What would you be doing, in other words, if you gave a goober to a gibbon, some pemmican to a ptarmigan and a wallop to a wapiti?
14. Of what mythological character are you reminded by Margaret Steen's book, *The Sun is My Undoing*?
15. What major league ball players are suggested by:
 - (a) A butcher shop.
 - (b) A bakery.
 - (c) A poultry market.
16. Are Balthazar, Melchior and Gaspar noted for their musical, intellectual or athletic ability?
17. No matter how thin you slice it, what is abalone?
18. Can you iron this one out? Suppose you have an iron that cools so slowly that you can do all your ironing without reheating it. For best results, in what order would you iron your wool, rayon, cotton, linen and silk things?
19. (a) Why should the word "Rosebud" make you think of what chubby-cheeked movie star?

- (b) What movie star would be giving you his undivided attention if he said, "I'm all ears"?
20. Suppose there are five glasses of water and a plate of stuffed olives before you. You eat one olive after drinking the first glass of water, two more olives after the second glass, etc., doubling the number of olives after each glass. When you've had five drinks and five helpings of olives, how many olive pits do you have?
21. Give a word of the opposite meaning which begins with the same letter.
- (a) Obedient.
(b) Idle.
(c) Cowardice.
(d) Fiction.
22. What radio characters would you be seeking audience with if you made appointments with these secretaries?
- (a) Miss Ellis.
(b) Miss Miller.
23. Man has domesticated many animals for the food and clothing they provide him. Can you name two insects he has domesticated?
24. These words are p't slang, but brother, you're cookin' with gas if you know what they mean.
- (a) Braise.
(b) Simmer.
(c) Sauté.
25. If you were piloting a plane and it went into a spin, whirling to the right, would you press the left rudder pedal or push the stick forward in order to stop the spin?

???

Answers to Quiz

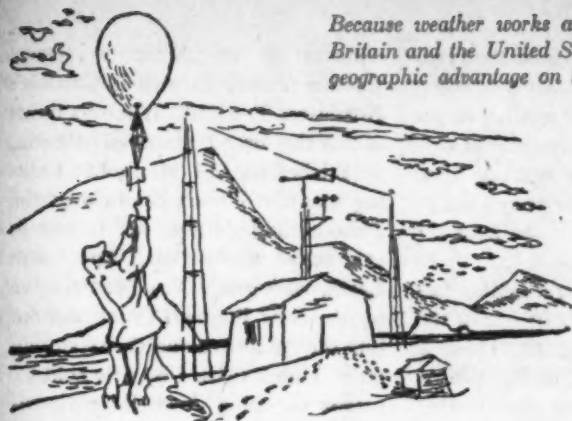
The Quiz Kids' Scores

Betty Swanson, 13.....	74
Van Dyke Tiers, 14.....	72
Emily Anne Israel, 14.....	71
Richard Williams, 11.....	66
Claude Brenner, 13.....	62
Jack Lucal, 15.....	62
Joan Bishop, 14.....	49
Dick Banister, 13.....	47
Harve Fischman, 11.....	45
Gerard Darrow, 9.....	28
Ruth Duskin, 7.....	13

1. (a) Theodore Roosevelt. (Had only one eye. Emily Anne was scored correct for "Franklin Delano Roosevelt has but one 'I' in his name, and like
- (b) John Quincy Adams. (Was the only bald president.)
- (c) James A. Garfield, Herbert Hoover, Franklin D. Roosevelt. (Only Dick Banister and Harve answered "Garfield," Harve adding that the undertaker was stuck for a bill of \$1,890.50. Five other kids scored with "F. D. R.")
2. (a) Whistler.
(b) Salvador Dali. (Who else?)
3. (a) There is only one direction from the South Pole, and that is due North. And both men are already on continental

land. (Either statement gets a full score—Van, of course, mentioned both facts.)

4. (a) Movie. (Robert Taylor.)
(b) Radio. (Easy Aces.)
(c) Front. (Adolf Hitler.)
(d) Sports. (Baseball.)
(e) Comic. (Skippy's father.)
5. $8\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. (A chain is as strong as its weakest link—remember?)
6. (a) Aft craft.
(b) Meat cheat.
(c) Hot yacht.
7. (a) *The Nuremburg Stove*.
(b) *Winnie the Pooh*.
(c) *Through the Looking Glass*.
(Betty says "Peaseblossom in *Midsummer Night's Dream*"—I don't dispute her.)
8. \$1.20.
9. (a) Teddy Barber.
(b) Peggy Young.
(c) Joey Brewster.
10. (a) "Nothing much," or "nothing unusual" (in answer to "What's cookin'?")
(b) "I'm not fooling!"
(c) "You bore me," or "I don't believe it."
11. *Strawberry Blonde*, *Cocoanut Grove*, *Grapes of Wrath*, *It's A Date*, *Huckleberry Finn*, etc.
12. (a) King of Norway.
(b) King of Rumania.
13. Giving a peanut to an ape, compressed dried meat to a bird, and slapping a deer.
14. Icarus or Phaeton. (Only Claude thought of Icarus, whose father, Daedalus, fashioned wings for him, made of feathers and attached with wax. Icarus disre-
- garded the admonition not to fly too near the sun; the wax melted, and he fell into the sea.
15. (a) Either Max Butcher or Enos Slaughtering.
(b) Either Cookie Lavegetto or Del Baker.
(c) Duckie Medwick or Birdie Tebbets.
16. Intellectual. (Three Wise Men of the Bible.)
17. A shell-fish. (Sorry, Harve—it's a gastropod mollusk, not a loaf of meat.)
18. Linen, cotton, wool, silk, rayon.
19. (a) "Rosebud" was the theme word in Orson Welles' first picture, *Citizen Kane*. (The kids all missed this one.)
(b) Give a score of two for identifying *Dumbo*, the latest Disney creation, whose auricular appendages developed elephantiasis, score one for "Clark Gable."
20. None. (Olives were stuffed.)
21. (a) Obstinate, obdurate. (Jack gave "ornery.")
(b) Industrious.
(c) Courage.
(d) Fact.
22. (a) Mr. Keene, Tracer of Lost Persons.
(b) Mr. District Attorney.
23. (a) Bee.
(b) Silkworm.
24. (a) Broil meat in a covered vessel, then bake or cook.
(b) Boil gently.
(c) Fry lightly with little grease.
25. Both, which would stop the spin and leave you in a straight dive.



Because weather works as it does, Great Britain and the United States enjoy a priceless geographic advantage on the forecast front

Mobilizing the Elements

by MICHAEL EVANS

IT WAS dusk of a November night. Simultaneously at 50 English airports, grim and silent young men, bulky in their flying suits, clambered into great bombing planes and roared off to the east.

Thus started, auspiciously, what the Royal Air Force had planned as the greatest night bombing assault upon Germany up to that time. Thus, also, started the war's greatest tragedy for the RAF—the loss of two or three of every five planes—of nearly 250 pilots, bombardiers, observers and aerial gunners. Conservatively, it cost England \$5,000,000 in equipment and at least an equal investment in trained men.

It was the most disastrous night in the air since one evening late in the World War when Germany's supreme war command sent a flotilla of 17 great Zeppelins out for a mass attack on London and lost every ship in a

storm that rose suddenly over France.

And as in the Zeppelin tragedy, the villain was not the enemy but that universal foe of all armies: *the weather*. The British planes started out on a clear, crisp night. What the British airmen did not know was that an uncharted storm was raging on the continent—a sudden cold front which had slashed down from the Arctic. The British planes hit that storm too late to turn back. Ice weighted their wings. Gasoline tanks ran dry. Plane after plane went down.

The weather front is the most bitterly fought and most obscure of the war. The strategy of battles has passed from the generals into the hands of scientific technicians who never fire a gun — the meteorologists who pore over charts and barographs in secret offices far behind the front.

If an army travels only at a speed of a mile or two an hour, a little delay

doesn't count much. Not so the modern blitz force. An air army heading into storm or fog may miss its target and lose valuable personnel and machines. An armored striking force needs clear dry weather to roll across open country at 40 miles an hour.

THE GERMAN general staff, farsighted as usual, has built one of the world's best weather staffs. There is only one better—that of the United States. Four days after the United States went to war, Congress moved to build an even better staff—by voting one-half a million dollars for special army meteorological service.

For years before the outbreak of war the German meteorologists had experimented in the development of long-range forecast methods. They conducted exhaustive observation of the movement of air masses. They sent special expeditions into remote parts of the earth—particularly into the Arctic, Iceland and Greenland.

The German attack upon Poland in September, 1939, was timed on a forecast of Nazi meteorologists that the high command could count on a month's fine weather to complete the campaign. Such forecasts are fully within the capability of modern weather science. Naturally, they need some luck—but less, for example, than does a sports prognosticator.

The reason for this is that, generally speaking, the weather behaves according to certain general rules. For instance, in temperate zones it moves usually from west to east. The "weather works" of the northern temperate

climates are the Arctic. A typical weather pattern starts up in Canada's Northwest Territory. It moves down across the broad plains of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba, crossing into the United States over the Dakotas and Minnesota. It sweeps east across the midlands and Great Lakes, passing over New York to move up the New England Coast and out into the Atlantic along the steamship lanes. Unless twisted by new cold air masses sweeping down from Greenland and Iceland, this weather pattern usually rolls on over the British Isles and the European continent.

This gives the United States and Britain a terrific, permanent geographic advantage in the weather war. It means that nine-tenths of the time we know pretty well what Germany's weather will be before Berlin does. From Alaska east to Nazi-chained Europe, the world's prize weather observation posts are firmly in our hands. Adolf Hitler's rains and snows are stirred up in our mixing bowl.

Sometimes, of course, that pattern fails. A storm may break down the Scandinavian peninsula. A storm may leave Britain and stall over the continent. That is what happened the night of the RAF tragedy.

You might suppose that Japan in the Pacific holds a weather advantage over us like that we hold over Germany in the Atlantic. But this is not true. The Pacific is so wide that our outposts in Alaska and Hawaii give us ample warning of what weather is brewing long before it reaches the

mainland. And Japan is so far away across the Pacific that her weather men can have no clear idea what happens to storms as they sweep across the thousands of miles of open water.

Both the United States and Britain have utilized their weather advantage to the utmost—banning all weather reports, except for skeleton information transmitted in code.

That left the German forecaster a vast jigsaw puzzle, with half the pieces missing. But he was not completely helpless. The Germans had seen this coming. Days or possibly weeks before the start of the war they sent out floating weather stations. Submarines and surface ships — some went far north and others slipped into the seas off Iceland and Greenland. A few meteorological parties actually landed at these points with wireless equipment, to set up permanent stations in distant fjords.

But the greatest advantage to the Nazi weather scientist—at least up until December 7, 1941, was the elaborate and accurate reports issued several times daily by the U.S. Weather Bureau. While U.S. forecasters struggled with great blanks on their weather maps—gaps for most of Europe—the Germans could sketch in the western hemisphere patterns on their maps by reference to U.S. charts.

Incredible as it now seems, a Nazi agent in New York, seeking information on Atlantic conditions for U-boat attacks, had only to lift his telephone receiver and call the great transatlantic flying base at LaGuardia Field. Representing himself as a friend of a



Clipper passenger, he could get—just for the asking—a detailed report on conditions at sea.

Fortunately, this situation ended dramatically about 3 p.m. on Sunday, December 7, when U.S. Navy censors prohibited further transmission abroad of this priceless information.

War did not catch the U. S. Weather Bureau off guard. Anticipating imposition of radio silence on U.S. ships, it had laid out detailed advance plans to obtain weather observations from U.S. aircraft over both the Pacific and Atlantic. Planes travel so fast that they can reach our bases and report by code before their data, observed en route, have grown too stale.

Public forecasts, of course, have been radically altered, though the initial ban was not quite as strict as that applied in Britain. It was equally effective, however, where Germans and Japanese are concerned. Forecasts of ocean weather conditions were suppressed. They are now supplied only to the Army and Navy as confidential military information. The

publication of detailed technical data on weather was ended. Only local forecasts continued to be published. Radio broadcasting of detailed weather information was limited severely.

Because millions of dollars of business and property and thousands of lives depend upon weather information — news of hurricanes, storms along the coasts, droughts, blizzards, cold waves, etc.—the weather bureau put into operation a complex system designed to get vital weather information into the hands of those who must have it without any leakage to the enemy.

Thus, the storm warning system was continued along the coasts, but the technical data—direction of the wind, movement of the storm, synoptic situation, etc.—the material which a Nazi meteorologist might find useful has been suppressed. The same thing goes for reports of freezing weather to Florida orange growers or of impending blizzards to wheat farmers in North Dakota. These regulations are experimental — war experience may already have changed them.

Abroad, military censors in London and Berlin have clamped as drastic a ban on weather data as upon troop movements. British parents talking to evacuated youngsters in the U.S. by radio may not say whether there has been snow back home. One correspondent who had written how "the sun is shining and the birds are chirping" found that the censor had chopped out the sun but left the chirping birds in his copy.

The winters of 1939-40 and 1940-41

were the severest modern Europe has shivered through. In England, for instance, train service to Scotland was blocked by drifts for the first time this century. Water mains froze all over the country. Many highways were impassable. Coal deliveries ran short. German observation planes could see that Britain was covered with snow, of course, but not till six weeks had passed did the censors allow correspondents to tell even part of the story. Had the Germans known how England was tied up they could have stepped up air attacks to mangle the transport system even worse.

THE WAR'S first weather station fight was the Nazi attack on Narvik. The Germans badly wanted the Narvik iron ore route but they wanted an observation station in far northern Norway, too. It was as necessary to the German forecasts of European weather as stations in Alaska to American weather men.

The British raid on Spitzbergen, the desolate Arctic coaling station, had much the same motive. The British did not wish the Germans to use Spitzbergen as a weather post to direct attacks on the northern supply route. And when the British occupied Iceland they choked off the Nazis' best source of North Atlantic weather data. This probably led the Germans to send meteorological expeditions to Greenland, a phase of their activity which caused President Roosevelt to put the island under U.S. protection.

However, so dependent are German submarine operations in the

North Atlantic upon accurate weather information that the fight will probably go on until the end of the war. That Nazi-led Norwegian party captured by the U.S. Navy in Greenland waters last autumn was a weather outfit. And the submarines which Prime Minister William Mackenzie King of Canada revealed had been spotted in Davis Straits and Baffin Bay were on the same mission.

The German high command has let the meteorologists give the go-ahead to the panzers since the start of the war. It was no accident that the hopes of the Poles for rains were never fulfilled. Autumn rains often fall in Poland, but the German weather observers accurately calculated they would not come in time. Norwegians, too, hoped—for early April thaws as an ally against the invader. But they came too late—as Berlin meteorologists had predicted.

The only German campaign to encounter weather headaches has been the offensive into Russia. This, however, hardly was the fault of the Nazi forecasting system. A child could have seen that the Nazis would have trouble if winter found the Red Army still fighting. It is possible, however, the Nazi weather service broke down in the failure of the October and November offensives against Moscow. These attacks ran head on into the incredibly cruel Russian winter. After eight weeks of zero weather Hitler, like Napoleon before him, gave the bitter order: retreat from Moscow.

Both the Germans and the Russians broke silence on weather then. The

Germans moaned that the temperature had fallen to 25 and 35 below zero—that their men froze to the ground in the gun pits. The Russians chortled that the Germans hadn't seen *anything* yet—that temperatures would go down to 50 below before spring arrived.

THERE'S NOTHING new in the relation of weather to military operations. What is new is the ability of meteorologists to forecast weather accurately far in advance.

This achievement stems, partially, from new methods of observing conditions in the upper atmosphere by sending balloons equipped with automatic recording apparatus—which ascend 50,000, 60,000 and 70,000 feet, giving the weather experts a layer-cake picture of the atmosphere. And it stems in part from better understanding of the way interaction of cold air from the poles and hot air from the tropics creates the weather.

But probably the most important factor has been the building up of a network of trained observers—mostly part-time or even volunteer workers—who make daily reports on basic weather data from thousands upon thousands of points on the earth's surface. Some idea of the elaborate staff required to produce the raw data from which forecasts are built up is given by the U.S. Weather Bureau. It has 2,500 full time employes, 7,000 part time observers and 5,000 volunteer cooperators — 14,500 persons in all. It is a weather axiom that the more detailed the mosaic of re-

ports the more accurate the forecast.

Mapping the data of thousands of individual observers, a trained scientist can determine not only what the weather is at any given point but also what it will be tomorrow—within an accuracy range of close to 90 per cent. He can tell you almost as precisely what the weather will be for the forthcoming week. By careful computation of exceedingly elaborate mathematical formulae, he can predict the weather a month ahead in general terms, although, naturally, the margin of error rises progressively.

The U.S. Weather Bureau does not publicly forecast the weather farther ahead than five days. Specific forecasts are only made for a day or two ahead. But private meteorological firms, expanding U.S. Weather Bureau charts with their own data and calculations, now sell weather information several weeks in advance. The U.S. Weather Bureau is notably cautious. It

realizes that business ventures involving millions of dollars and that even the lives of thousands of persons may depend upon its forecasts. Only three years ago the Weather Bureau dropped that famous phraseology "probably fair," "probable showers," etc., to come out square and flatfooted for a forecast of "fair," "warmer," "rain," etc. Only last year it started public five-day forecasts.

But with the fate of American armed forces depending upon the U.S. Weather Man, he is prepared to enter the forecast arena with the best of the long distance prognosticators.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

- THE AIR AND ITS MYSTERIES
by C. M. Botley \$3.00
D. Appleton-Century Company, New York
- WEATHER
by Gayle Pickwell \$3.00
Whittlesey House, New York
- WEATHER: AND THE OCEAN OF AIR
by Major William H. Wenstrom \$3.50
Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston

The American's Creed

I BELIEVE in the United States of America as a Government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic, a sovereign Nation of many sovereign States; a perfect Union, one and inseparable, established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes. I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it, to support its Constitution, to obey its laws, to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies.—WILLIAM TYLER PAGE.

The incomparable Barclay proves his mastery of the pen as well as the palette in telling of his realization of a lifelong ambition



I'm in the Navy Now!

by McCLELLAND BARCLAY

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Realizing that even an innocent-seeming paragraph might aid or comfort the enemy, we showed this article to U. S. Navy authorities and received approval. Coronet will continue to use all precautions to avoid giving information to Axis forces.*

MY FIRST day at sea on the U.S.S. *Arkansas* was one of those warm days when you'd like to put yourself under a cold shower and stay there. I was strolling on deck, cap in hand, enjoying the sun on my more or less bald pate, when a Lieutenant Commander joined me.

"Mr. Barclay, aren't you afraid you'll catch cold?" he asked casually. Somehow I could sense that there was more in that remark than the words implied. I sheepishly put my officer's cap back on my head.

Later, Commander Syd Bunting laughingly enlightened me: "You see, on board a battleship, the Navy con-

siders you just as naked with your cap off as you would be with your pants off."

That's just one of the little things I've learned about the Navy.

But I've learned a lot of big things, too. For instance, I've learned that there is no finer collection of men in the world than in Uncle Sam's Navy. Nor any finer collection of warships—anywhere. But more of that later.

Perhaps you are wondering what an artist is doing in the Navy, anyway? I believe I'm tagged as a man who paints magazine covers, with the emphasis on pretty girls. That is a far cry from dreadnaughts, torpedo planes, smoke screens, 16-inch guns, Pearl Harbor and diving suits. So let me start from the beginning.

I first saw the sea when I was six years old. My family used to take me from St. Louis to Block Island for my summer vacations. One of the things

I remember clearly is the way the tears would run down my cheeks each time I had to go back to St. Louis. I don't want the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce to misunderstand me; it was just because I loved the sea.

My earliest recollection of painting goes back to those childhood days, when I painted sailors and war vessels after the Spanish-American War. I guess the Navy bug got into my blood then and there. For a time I lived with an aunt and uncle in Washington who had fond aspirations of getting me into the Naval Academy. But by the time our plans were laid, I discovered that I would be over age before I could properly prepare for the exams. It was too late; I had missed the boat.

But I went to sea for Uncle Sam nonetheless. I became a collector of fish for the United States Bureau of Fisheries, working off Woods Hole. The job, while fun in itself, was hardly the life on the bounding main that I craved. It did allow me to keep on with my marine painting, though.

AND THEN I fell in love and wanted to get married. Suddenly I realized that people didn't want to buy marine paintings at all, and I decided to learn to paint beautiful women. That's what people wanted to buy.

I was in Chicago when the First World War started. Beautiful women or no beautiful women, this was my chance to catch the boat. Off I went to join Samuel Insull's Naval Training School. By some miracle I passed

If she's long and graceful—drawn in fluid lines that seem to roll off the slick paper of the magazine—she was painted, no doubt, by McClelland Barclay. The famous illustrator drew his first picture at the age of nine. Yes, a lady was his subject—but an unwitting one, for the center of young Mac's interest was a cocklebur that was stuck in her throat. The boy's illustration of the delicate operation by which his father, Dr. Robert Barclay, removed the burr was reproduced in medical journals. In this war, as in the last one—when he won several first prizes for his recruiting posters—Barclay is putting his palette and brush to work for the United States Navy.

the high-powered courses in navigation, signalling and others.

One night the commanding officer said, "All married men, two paces forward." Nine of us out of four hundred stepped briskly forward, certain that we were being chosen for some special distinction. And so I was—the distinction of missing the boat again.

"You men will have to resign—only single men from now on," the officer stated.

When America entered the First World War, I had been dabbling with camouflage. The Navy at the time was puzzling over how to disguise the perpendicular lines formed by the funnels on ships, since these lines provided easy focal points for enemy range finders. I wrestled with the problem for a time, finally developing a kind of plane arrangement to twine around the funnels so that no matter where an enemy might be, he couldn't find a straight edge to help him find his range.

The device was passed by the Naval Advisory Board as the best of its kind,



Our Fleet in Action

MCCLELLAND BARCLAY
HAWAII

IMPRESSIONS OF THE NAVY

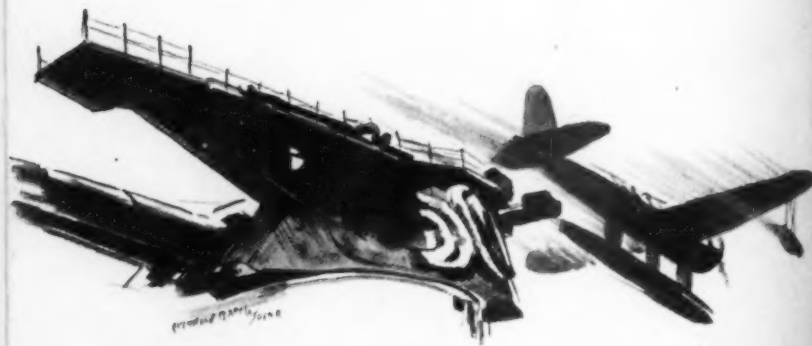
by
McClelland
Garclay
USNR



Gun Turret . . . The interior of No. 2 turret, *USS West Virginia*, is a hive of hectic activity. Here, as the gun's breech is opened, the "tray" is lowered, forming a track. With arms raised to signal "ready" as well as to avoid the 2,200 pound shell as it is thrust into position—the crew has completed one phase of its operation.



Landing . . . On the aircraft carrier, a most critical moment occurs when the signal officer must decide whether to order "cut" to the pilot. If he does, the plane will then glide into the landing gear on the spacious flight deck. If the plane is not in the exact position, however, the signal officer will give a "wave-off" — and the pilot will circle around to try again.



Catapult Shot . . . The pilot extends his hand to indicate "ready." Then, suddenly, he swings it down—the signal to fire! There is a lightning jerk forward—a sharp report of the explosive charge. You feel the soft cushiony effect of the air—you are away! In a space of just 60 feet you pick up 60-miles-per-hour flying speed!

but unfortunately was never used. For in the moment of my glory, the Navy switched from low visibility camouflage to the dazzle type. To explain that in a few words: low visibility camouflage seeks to make a ship very difficult to see, while dazzle camouflage seeks to confuse the enemy as to a ship's course and speed. Low visibility, now in vogue again, calls for dull gray paint, while dazzle is the zig-zag coat-of-many-colors type that reminds you of a bad dream.

I wound up as a Naval Camoufleur, painting various types of dazzles on small models which were later copied in the ship yards where we applied these designs of war paint to the big ships themselves.

In the years following 1918, my only connection with American seapower was a seat near the fifty-yard line when Navy's football team played Army or Notre Dame.

When I saw World War II gradually building up, I began developing a system for airplane camouflage. Several of my friends in the Army Air Corps took me up for plane rides so that I could make the necessary first-hand studies. But these flights weren't frequent enough, and always involved a certain amount of red tape.

One friend, Major "Pete" Quesada, had a brilliant idea. "Why don't you join the Naval Reserve? Then you can fly anywhere."

To these old ears, the Major's words sounded like sweet music. I jumped at the suggestion. Lowell Thomas, Col. Jimmy Doolittle and Henry Sutherland (who builds the submarines)

wrote letters recommending me. After twice missing the boat, I finally received an appointment as Lieutenant in the Naval Reserve.

However, World War II was now actually under way. The Navy was expanding like a mushroom patch. Recruits were needed, plenty of them—all volunteers. And so I offered to make posters for Navy recruiting. They replied, "Sorry, the Navy doesn't accept gifts. We can't take them. But if you'll volunteer for active duty, we can use the posters and will be very glad to have your services."

And so in September, 1940, Lieutenant McClelland Barclay, USNR, stepped actively into Uncle Sam's Navy. It had been a long, circuitous route since those days when leaving the ocean drew tears from my eyes, but I was at last—"in the Navy now!"

My first assignment was a cruise on the *U.S.S. Arkansas*. I was flown down to Norfolk, Virginia, and was fascinated by the gigantic Naval Air Base. I was still in mufti. A soft-spoken officer said to me, "Barclay, I would suggest you get into uniform. This base is very carefully guarded and you'll be stopped at every turn to identify yourself otherwise."

For the first time, outside a tailor shop, I put on my Naval Lieutenant's uniform and went forth. As I was passing through the main gate of the Navy Yard, a marine guard came to attention and saluted as if his whole heart and soul were in it. I looked around to see whom he was saluting, but when I realized he meant me, it

was too late to return the salute. I'm sure I saw his lips framing the words, "Tough guy, eh?"

During the cruise on the *Arkansas*, the ship's doctor told me that the best physical specimen of manhood he had ever seen was on board. Since I needed a poster model, they sent for this student officer. He turned out to be a Michigan football star, All-American, six feet four, 210 pounds. He's now Ensign Don Siegel and is on the poster of the sailor removing the tampon from a twelve-inch gun.

At sea we did some shooting with live ammunition that made my maiden voyage unforgettable.

MY NEXT job was in Pensacola, doing posters for Naval Aviation Cadets. Perhaps you've seen some of them, particularly the one with the slogan, "Cadets for Naval Aviation take that something extra—have you got it?"

Then it was suggested that I go to the Pacific to get my sea-legs. Finally the official orders came, and last May I headed for the West Coast to join the Cruiser *St. Louis*. I reported aboard that vessel at Mare Island, but no sooner was I aboard than plans were changed, and the *St. Louis* merely steamed down to San Pedro, instead of joining the Pacific Fleet.

I was chafed by the delay—I was eager to leave for Hawaii. I telephoned Captain Whiting and suggested with some timidity that the Consolidated Aircraft people were willing to fly me out to Hawaii in a PBY bound for Australia. The trip would give me a good chance to ob-

serve. Captain Whiting's orders came back—O. K. to get going.

I quickly learned, like all others in Hawaii, to refer to the United States as "the mainland." You get that view of things when you see how far-flung our country really is.

Aboard the Aircraft Carrier *Lexington*, I got the first thrill of dropping out of the sky upon the deck of a warship. I expected a terrific shock. Actually, we more or less "squashed in." There was a slight bounce as we hit the deck, and then the plane recoiled just a little as the Navy's secret deck-landing device recoiled. It reminded me of running through a gateway and having a large hand grab you by the coattails and stop you short. I guess I must remember that sensation from an apple-swiping expedition in my youth.

For adventure that makes you tingle from head to toe, nothing I experienced in the Pacific can out-class a torpedo-plane and dive-bomber attack in which I participated. You see the climax of it portrayed in the Coronet gatefold which accompanies this article.

"Today, Mac, we plan an attack on a heavy cruiser squadron which we believe to be 80 to 100 miles to the southeast," a superior officer told me. "Would you care to go?"

I was put in a torpedo plane. The dive bombers took off from the deck of the *Lexington* and we followed along at a distance, winging over the deep blue waters in search of the "enemy" squadron, which was, at that time, a flotilla of our own vessels.

We flew low, after a while sighting our objective on the horizon. The technique from here in was amazing. Our dive bombers attacked the mythical enemy. Airplanes suddenly laid smokescreens. We rushed in unseen behind them. We burst through. There we were in the clear, with our objective before us, most of the vessels with their broadsides exposed. Traveling over the water like streaks of lightning, we loosed our torpedoes, then strafed the decks of the ships with sham machine-gun fire as we zoomed over them, and sped away behind a smoke-screen laid for our escape.

It seemed like a miracle of timing to me. But a senior flight officer explained, "It's just like a football game. Every play is worked out to the second. Somebody's got to run interference so the man with the ball can get through."

I SPENT four months in the Pacific. During that time I went up so high in bombers that we started to take oxygen before we were halfway up; I also went under the sea in a diving suit where soft mud was over six feet deep. They let me, after medical examinations all hands must take, go through submarine escape tests with the Momsen Lung.

Uncle Sam has the latest inventions for life-saving and everything else, but here and now I do want to correct the impression of some of the American public. You can't buy a navy. The Navy is not a set of highly specialized expensive machinery that

works by pressing buttons. The Navy is a great body of men—officers and personnel. Ships are only as good as their crews. Better to have mediocre ships with great crews than good ships with poor crews.

My job in the Navy is to help to keep the fine young men coming in, and to paint whatever the Bureau of Navigation wants pictured — from action aboard the ships to portraits of prominent officers.

When I finally left Hawaii, my aloha to my captain was unforgettable. Just off Pearl Harbor, I sat in the cockpit of a plane aboard the Cruiser *Honolulu* and was shot off into the sky by catapult. We zoomed over her bow and signalled farewell to the white-clad figures of Admiral Leahy and Captain J. Cary Jones, silhouetted against the dark slate-gray of the flagship of the Cruiser Battle Force. I had just completed the four finest months of my life, and was heading home again to New York, 5,600 miles, as the plane flies, from Hawaii.

"Commander O'Brien, Naval Recruiting Bureau? Lieutenant Barclay reporting aboard, Sir!"

—Suggestions for further reading:

FLYING FLEETS

by S. Paul Johnston, Lt. Commander,
U.S.N.R. \$3.00
Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc., New York

HE'S IN THE NAVY NOW

by Lt. Commander John T. Tuthill, Jr.,
U.S.N.R. \$2.50
Robert M. McBride & Company, New York

UNCLE SAM'S NAVY

by Hawthorne Daniel \$1.50
Grosset & Dunlap, Inc., New York



Dedicated to the proposition that we Americans need a good laugh, these two exclusive American societies want their members wacky

Screwballs, Inc.

by HOWARD WHITMAN

NOTE: If you are contemplating burying a time capsule, say, in your backyard, in order that folks 1,000 years from now may know how American civilization was faring in 1942, Coronet offers you this document for inclusion. Surely posterity is entitled to at least a passing acquaintance with that species of Genus Americanus known as the screwball. Here, therefore, are the facts. They are presented in two parts—two being the known number of organizations to date whose memberships are made up exclusively (and they are exclusive) of genuine screwballs.

Screwballs of America, Inc.

IN ANGOLA, INDIANA, on a chill December morning in 1936, Kenneth Hubbard, a young lawyer, and Yost C. Johnson, who is now in the Army, sat sipping coffee in a local rendezvous known as Sadie's Cafe. They looked out upon Angola, bleak in its coat of wintry frost. Sad world, they thought morbidly.

Just then, in walked A. D. Schultzt,

an Angola radio man, known for his knack of erupting wise cracks in a never-ending stream. He stayed for only one cup of coffee, but when he sauntered out, Hubbard and Johnson knew they had the world's troubles by the horns. What the world needed was a great big laugh. It wasn't December, the frost, Angola, or Sadie's coffee that had made them glum. It was simply a dearth of mirth, starvation for a laugh.

And that, according to its own recorded history, is how the Screwballs of America, Inc., was born. Today it boasts subsidiary councils in New Haven, Connecticut; Indianapolis and Lowell, Indiana, and Cleveland, Ohio. Angola remains the national headquarters. Charles W. Griffin, an Angola garage proprietor, is Chief Screw. Joseph D. Riede, Jr., a Fremont, Indiana, merchant, is Vice Screw. The Screwballs were duly incorporated

under the laws of Indiana as a non-profit corporation.

In its fun-loving spirit, the organization shoots out membership cards to anyone—anyone at all—who, for even the slightest ephemeral instant, rises above the drab confines of ordinary behavior into the balmy but beautiful upper stratum of screwballdom.

"Recording Screw" Hubbard explained that honorary memberships have been extended to General Ben Lear for his handling of the famous "Yoo hoo" situation, to Secretary Ickes for regaling America with what Hubbard called his "off again, on again" gasoline program, and to the entire Michigan Legislature for "calling a special session to pass one law entitling non-residents to fish for seven-inch blue gills through the ice."

A recent Associated Press dispatch from Angola reported that a membership card had been mailed to George Hopkins, the Texas parachutist, whose idea of a hilarious time was to chute down on a rock spire in Wyoming and spend six nights there before being rescued.

Similar tribute will probably be paid to another famed parachutist, Corporal Albert S. Moxley, of the 60th Pursuit Squadron, U. S. Army. Moxley was a passenger in a plane

4,500 feet over New York when he suddenly bailed out and floated into a second story window in Brooklyn. Why? His pilot, a superior officer, saw the lights of Brooklyn and yelled back, "Look," pointing down with his thumb at the same time. Moxley thought he said, "Jump."

One of the more bibulous members of the organization was admitted after a macabre adventure on New Year's Eve. He passed out, was given up for dead and conveyed to the morgue in a hearse—after which he got up and asked for a chaser.

A merchant who tired of a persistent salesman and wrote him a check in the amount of "eighty-nine doughnuts" also got a membership card. The reason being that the salesman cashed the check at a local bank for \$89. (The bank teller was also admitted.) Another member, a respected Angola townsman, was admitted in commemoration of his winter vacation in Florida, when he departed with a dozen pieces of luggage, but forgot to take any money and returned C. O. D. a few days later.

The Screwballs of America, Inc., holds three notable meetings a year: the Thanksgiving Day meeting, which is held on Columbus Day; the New Year's Day meeting, which is held on Inauguration Day; and the annual birthday party, on April Fool's Day.

Society of Screwballs

In New York City, a Broadway publicity man, Noel Meadow, founded a Society of Screwballs (abbreviation SOS) in 1938. It has no con-

As a change from writing about the war, Howard Whitman rolls his typewriter over to the lighter side and gives us Screwballs, Inc. Mr. Whitman says that the thing he missed most, in his forages around the world for news, was America's talent for being nicely goofy when it wanted to be. Anyway, says Mr. Whitman, we're going to have the last laugh, so we might as well have a few chuckles now.

nection with the Angola group, except perhaps rivalry to see who can enroll the screwiest screwballs first and fastest.

The Society of Screwballs held its first meeting in an unfinished excavation of New York's Sixth Avenue Subway, underneath Herald Square. Sam Rosoff, the millionaire subway builder, played host while Comedian Eddie Garr was billed as Chief Bats in the Belfry. Dozens of celebrities attended, among them Olsen and Johnson, Jack Dempsey, Hank Greenberg, Lupe Velez, Max Baer, Kay Kyser and Clem McCarthy.

"This," said Chick Johnson in his "keynut" speech, "is the first organization that started in a hole instead of ending up in one." Whereupon the assembled screwballs joined in a chorus of, "If we ain't crazy, who is?"

Meadow takes pride in the fact that after this meeting the word "screwball" appeared in the staid *New York*

Times for the first time. An NBC broadcast brought varied reactions. Several listeners, who tuned in late, phoned for latest bulletins on "the entombed men in the subway." Others, who heard the whole show, wrote plaintive letters asking if they, too, could belong to the Screwballs.

On and off, the SOS has taken in new members whenever anyone, in its estimation, has sufficiently tickled the funny bone of America.

There was, for example, the little gesture of Alvin (Shipwreck) Kelly, the famous flagpole sitter, on Friday, October 13, 1939. Kelly went to the top of the Chanin Building, 54 stories above New York's bustling 42nd Street, and stood on his head at the end of a plank in mid-air while he ate thirteen doughnuts in thirteen minutes. Crowds massed in the street below, and traffic was tied in knots, but Kelly didn't come down until he had finished the thirteenth sinker.

Britain's Lord Beaverbrook was in New York at the time. The hubbub interrupted his lunch, but in hopes of appeasing His Lordship, the Society of Screwballs offered him, as well as Kelly, a membership in the organization. It was recalled that Beaverbrook saw a certain Marlene Dietrich movie twenty-seven times—and that qualified him.

Faith Bacon, the fan dancer, was acclaimed by the SOS when she went out for a walk on Park Avenue with a fawn at the end of a leash. She was feeding the fawn an apple when police arrested her for tying up traffic.

An honorary membership recently



went to Broadway Rose, New York's most famous and most exclusive panderer. For years she has prowled along the Great White Way, taking alms from celebrities only, and scornfully refusing anything less than folding money. SOS took her in when she refused a handout from a struggling song-writer, telling him, "You've got to be a success to give me dough. G'wan home and write some hits."

"Even a nobody can be a screwball—you don't have to be famous," Meadow explained with deference.

For example there was a British seaman who came ashore in New York last October. He went into a Brooklyn bar for a couple of drinks. Soon he noticed his hat was gone.

"Either I get that hat back or I blow up the place," he announced to the bartender. This brought a huge guffaw, and without further ado the sailor stomped out. He returned a few minutes later with hand grenades.

Somebody called the police, who arrived in time and were none too pleased with the seaman's explanation, to wit: "I can take a joke as well as the next guy, but when they steal a petty officer's cap, that ain't a joke."

The man in Glendale, Queens, who got in a bus and drove it away because he was in a hurry to get home

is another SOS candidate. A mild-mannered fellow, he explained in court that the bus driver went in for a cup of coffee: "So I figured, your honor, that I could save time by driving myself." The 35-passenger bus, with our hero still at the wheel, was finally recovered by the police.

Meadow likes to think of Richard A. Knight, a New York society lawyer, as the patron saint of the SOS. It was Knight who, in top hat and tails, stood on his head for sixty seconds outside the Metropolitan Opera House on opening night in 1939. Just prior to this feat, Knight did a standing somersault in the lobby of the Opera House and dared a passing debutante to do likewise.

Taking no credit for either accomplishment, Knight said the next day, "I often stand on my head, here, there, and everywhere. Been doing it for years. I'm surprised anyone would pay attention to such trivialities."

Of course no one did pay any attention to it, except that half of the dowagers of the diamond horseshoe nearly fainted, the newspapers made over their front pages, taxi drivers rubbed their eyes and reached for aspirin, and uniformed attendants of the Metropolitan were certain that the end of the world had come.

The Male Animal

HOTEL MEN know that a male guest is likely to be more complaining of the service if he has his wife with him than if he is alone. He demands service and attention in the presence of his wife to show her that he is a manly fellow who stands up for his rights and must have the best of everything. —FRED C. KELLY

Tales like these have no place in a reasonable world. Told by reliable witnesses but unbelievable nevertheless, they are easier to forget than to explain



• • • A few weeks before the second World War broke out, Mrs. Axel Wenner-Gren, wife of the internationally known Swedish industrialist, chanced to precede her husband up the stairs of their home.

Suddenly she saw the figure of a water-drenched man at the head of the stairs. He held out the body of a child. Across the child's forehead was a great, bleeding gash. As Mrs. Wenner-Gren stared, the figure vanished.

Herr Wenner-Gren listened with obvious unbelief to his wife's story. He put the whole thing down to strained nerves, and suggested a cruise on their yacht, the *Southern Cross*.

When in answer to frantic distress signals, the *Southern Cross* reached the spot where the torpedoed *Athenia* had sunk, Mrs. Wenner-Gren aided in the rescue of survivors. The first person to reach the deck of the *Southern Cross* was the water-drenched man

who held out the body of a dying child across whose forehead was a great bleeding gash.

That is the story as Wenner-Gren related it in a press interview.



• • • It might be worth while to consider once again the little matter of the four famous astronomers—Leverrier, Lescarbault, Watson, and Swift—and their discovery of an unknown planet whose orbit was inside that of Mercury, same planet being prematurely christened Vulcan.

Leverrier, then Director of the Observatory of Paris, believed that the new planet explained the still unaccountable irregularities in the orbit of Mercury. Leverrier, by the way, was a co-discoverer of the planet Neptune. Lescarbault said that he had

seen Vulcan make a transit of the sun, and that it was obviously an unknown planet. His observation lasted for an hour and a half.

Immediately astronomer Watson, then at Rawlins, Wyoming, claimed to have discovered two new planets. Swift saw one at the same time as Watson. After 1878 no more intra-Mercurial planets were seen—and the ones already discovered vanished.

These developments pointed to a possibility that the object wasn't a planet at all, but some wandering dark body. It was even suggested that a super space ship was cruising through our solar system.

But the matter seemed a bit absurd and eventually was forgotten.



• • • Frozen stiff for three days, *Jekyll*, a tubercular Rhesus monkey was slowly thawed out and revived on August 6, 1935, by Dr. Ralph Willard of Los Angeles. Dr. Willard explained that he had done the same with rabbits and guinea pigs, that he believed the freezing would destroy the tuberculosis bacilli.

He stated that he had perfected a mysterious and revolutionary freezing technique which would permit indefinite suspended animation, that he only needed a human being for his final experiment. In ten days 180 people volunteered. The son of a Columbia professor was chosen.

The Rhesus monkey remained alive and apparently well, but the S.P.C.A.

clamored for a ban on the experiments. Hearing of the proposed "human sacrifice," the district attorney out-clamored the S.P.C.A. Dr. Willard had to abandon his experiments.



• • • Borley Rectory, "most haunted house in England," is a charred ruin now. But in 1937 psychologist Harry Price subjected the Rectory to what is considered the classic investigation of a haunting.

For months a trained staff of 40 skeptical observers kept almost constant watch at the ghost-ridden building. Almost all reported phenomena.

Lights were seen at windows, raps and footsteps were heard, objects were thrown about and mysteriously moved. A special electrical contact installed by the investigators was pressed in a vacant and sealed room. Both dark and luminous figures were seen moving about. Messages were mysteriously written on the walls. (In one case the same area of the wall was photographed at one hour periods. During one interval, fresh marks, which showed clearly on the second plate, had been added. The room had been sealed during the time between the two photographs.)

World famous British philosopher, Dr. C. E. M. Joad, reviewed the case in a national magazine. He felt that it was necessary to postulate that some super-normal agency—or agencies—was active in the building.

—R. DEWITT MILLER

Whether Oshkosh hears Mrs. Roosevelt next week—whether Johnson X. Johnson lectures at all—depends on these saleswomen of the spoken word



Guinea Pigs of Gab

by MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM

THE GREAT war correspondent's trembling fingers thrust the lit end of a cigarette into his mouth, withdrew it, hurled it onto the expensive Persian rug in the expensively furnished office of a large New York lecture bureau.

Knees that had firmly supported a portable in a blitzed English city were trembling. The mouth and tongue which had behaved with commendable calm during interviews with Europe's thunderous dictators were now parched and seemingly lined with shredded wheat.

And why all this fear? Because in a few moments he would be delivering a sample lecture to a dozen well-bred ladies who, if they liked him, could sell the great war correspondent to the women's clubs, town halls, forums, Rotaries, colleges, conventions and lyceums of the country.

The decision of these ladies would

mean all the difference. If it was favorable, he would stand to clear at least \$25,000 from a carefully planned nation-wide tour of the lecture circuit—\$25,000 for shooting his head off for three months!

The next day the cloud had lifted: The critical ladies had found him okay for the circuit. Perhaps it had been those salacious stories of Mussolini's love life. Perhaps—but never mind. The important thing was that he was *persona grata* to these all-important celebrity peddlers—whose verdicts on new talent are accepted without question by their bureaus. After all, they have to sell the lecturers. And they can't put their hearts into selling so-and-so if they think so-and-so is n. g.

Later that day the correspondent signed a contract under which he was to get 50 per cent of the gross income of his tour. The bureau would make

the necessary arrangements, pay traveling expenses and handle publicity costs out of the other half.

There are some 30 such women peddlers of the spoken word today. They constitute one of our most exclusive professions. Theirs is a demanding business, requiring boundless tact, grade-A horsetrading sense, the patience of a tree and a sense of humor. Also good health and a restless spirit. Selling more than half of America's \$4,000,000 annual lecture bookings, these women each must travel around 35,000 miles a year, good weather or bad. Most of them use cars furnished and maintained by the boss.

Almost all are now employed by the one largest lecture bureau in America — W. Colston Leigh, Inc. Until recently, Leigh had 18 of them, while Columbia Lecture Bureau had six. But Leigh has now taken over Columbia and remains the lone large-scale employer of lecture saleswomen, since most lesser bureaus sell by mail.

Just now, word vendors are beginning to peddle their new 1942 line in earnest. It isn't too different from what it has been since the Second World War made its debut. It will be strong on foreign correspondents, news analysts and political prophets—with a sprinkling of debonair travelers returned from remote, romantic places with a few thousand feet of color film; drama critics from New York; monologuists from vaudeville; sonorous Shakespearians from retirement; and mnemonists who can memorize this issue of *Coronet* in 27 minutes flat,

but who are all too likely to forget the address of the hall they are scheduled to speak in.

Quite a few changes have taken place in the business of merchandising the spoken word since Ralph Waldo Emerson was glad to speak for \$5 and oats for his horse.

IT ALL BEGAN in 1816 when Josiah Holbrook of Connecticut ran a quaint ad offering to "go before groups for disquisitions upon science, superstitions, politics or theology for what they shall deem worth to pay to my living." Since then the lecture business has emerged from the barter class and entered the ranks of Big Business.

Didn't Charles Dickens' noted American lecture tour clean up \$228,000—the world record? More recently H. G. Wells has been paid \$3,000 for a single lecture. Sinclair Lewis averaged \$1,000 a lecture for 21 talks. Dorothy Thompson has hit the \$2,500 mark upon occasion. Ernest Hemingway, G. B. Shaw and Madame Chiang Kai-shek can probably name their own price—and get it. But most lecturers heard by the seven million men and women who constitute America's "spiel circuit" average a mere \$100 to \$200 for their sixty minutes on the platform.

Today the free-lance lecturer is as rare as a new white-walled tire. Almost every lecturer is utterly dependent for bookings upon his bureau. And the lecture bureau, of course, would have a tougher time of it if it's salesladies didn't know exactly

what lecture conscious clubs and organizations wanted—and what they could afford.

"Deception doesn't pay in this business," explains attractive Elizabeth McClave, in charge of the West Coast office of the Leigh Lecture Bureau. "If the club buys a speaker on my recommendation and he flops, I'm considered the responsible party. I know the sort of speakers different groups want—and the speakers they can afford. Primarily, our job is to effect a happy compromise between these two poles."

Seventy-five per cent of America's lecture goers are women; but more and more men are listening. The overwhelming majority of lecturers are men; but more and more women are accepted every year. The public address system is becoming the great equalizer for the weak-voiced speaker.

The bane of the lecture business is the terrific turnover in ladies' club officers—particularly in the vital post of program chairman. Madame Chairman is the all-important contact for our saleslady. The newly elected chairman must be dissuaded from taking the club's business to another lecture bureau—merely to show how thoroughly she disapproved of her predecessor's policies.

Not all business is welcome. Occasionally our saleslady is informed that the Middletown Literary Circle is prepared to pay a full \$75 to hear H. R. Knickerbocker and Margaret Bourke-White and Quentin Reynolds and Carl Sandburg. Under their contracts these lecturers couldn't even say "Hello" to a paying audience for

\$75. Our model saleslady suppresses a desire to tell the good women of the Circle what they can do with their \$75 and proceeds to sell them a second-rate poet (\$25) and a third-rate traveller (\$50). And we won't waste any words upon those self-anointed groups which feel that any prominent lecturer should feel honored to address them without charge.

OCCASIONALLY our salesladies encounter the skeptical program chairman who won't be satisfied with the proposed lecturer's ability until she has heard him with her own ears. Most club and organization leaders accept the recommendations of the salesladies—whom they have come to trust in these matters.

A few years ago there was just such a skeptic who insisted upon pre-viewing a certain European writer. It was arranged for the skeptic to be seated next to the writer at a dinner he was being tendered in a nearby city. A keen advocate of the good life, he was primarily interested in blondes and champagne. At the dinner table his champagne glass was always kept filled. At his side were emergency magnums. At his left was one of his other primary interests—very pretty, too. And at his unfortunate right was the elderly, unattractive clubwoman.

The writer, of course, had been informed of the situation. He promised to be on his best behaviour.

The clubwoman selected opening gambit 4117 from her large stock.

"What do you really think of the future of civilization?" she asked.

The celebrity took stock of the situation. This impossible tete-a-tete could go on all night. And meanwhile his darling on the left was languishing, bereft of his attention. . .

He looked at her sternly: "Madame, I never indulge in small talk."

Madame left in a huff. The Bureau had a tough time with her after that. Later the writer returned to Europe and wrote a very gloomy book about us. Said we were frivolous.

Every saleslady has her favorite lecturers—fondly called "troupers."

In this category they place war correspondent H. R. Knickerbocker and Eleanor Roosevelt. Another favorite of the Leigh Bureau ladies is Gerald Wendt, a popular science speaker, who recently chartered a plane for \$200—at his own expense—so that he could arrive on time to fill an expected lecture date paying \$100.

Margaret Bourke-White, the photographer, is a great favorite of the Columbia Bureau's salesladies. One recent Sunday morning she arrived at LaGuardia airport by Clipper after she had been flown half-way around the world from Moscow. She was allowed 20 minutes in her New York apartment to pack some old clothes. That afternoon she boarded a plane for St. Louis. On Monday morning she delivered her first lecture there. During the month that followed the very photogenic photographer delivered some 40 lectures all over the country.

Don't let anyone tell you that addressing an audience for a solid hour and keeping them interested isn't hard

work. And the job isn't made any easier if the audience gets a startling new version of your name when you're introduced. Miss Bourke-White who is married to novelist Erskine Caldwell is frequently introduced as the wife of that great American writer, Erskine Hemingway.

That sort of thing is harmless. But the salesladies of the Leigh Bureau had a fantastic year recently when a certain English lady came over to lecture to her American cousins. They didn't audition her. When she opened her mouth on tour the most alarming syllables poured forth.

"I ran into an old friend of mine in the elevator of my hotel. We had intercourse while descending. It was such a delightful chat," she said to one prim New England audience. She wasn't invited back.

THE LECTURE business is not without its truly simple souls. There was the visiting French philosopher who was about to embark on his American lecture tour.

Obviously nervous and distraught by the enormity of what he had undertaken, he begged some of the salesladies for advice on American audiences. One of them helpfully summed it up this way:

"Remember, Doctor, American audiences want a message from their lecturers. They want to be left with something."

The philosopher took the advice to heart. Indeed he would leave them with something. When he finished his first lecture in Philadelphia he had

ushers hand out hundreds of his calling cards to a mystified audience. He had run up a sizable printing bill before the girls caught up with him at Kansas City.

"The more English people who travel in America, the better for international relations; the less who lecture, the better for everything," declared an influential British weekly a few years ago.

This certainly applied to a certain English novelist who came over to do the circuit. Lecture salesladies recall with pleasure the come-uppance he got from a Midwestern audience. After 15 minutes the novelist realized that he wasn't being listened to very attentively. He interrupted his dull talk and announced that he was going out for a 10-minute smoke.

"Please gather your wits while I'm out," he urged them in his best professorial manner.

When he returned he found a neatly penned note on the rostrum:

"We gathered our wits."

There wasn't a soul left in the house.

The 30 salesladies of talent range in age from 26 to 55. Most of them are unmarried, although attractive Madeleine Tuohy of the Leigh Bureau recently married the program chair-

man of an exclusive New York men's club. She met him on business. Those who remain single feel that it would be unfair to a husband for his wife to be on the road so much. Those who are married declare their husbands are very cooperative.

They think their jobs are the most interesting a woman could have. They still get a thrill out of their power over Eleanor Roosevelt, William L. Shirer, H. R. Knickerbocker and Company. They alone have the power to deliver the celebrities—body, soul and voice—to the Evanston, Illinois, Town Hall on the 18th or to the Modern Forum (Los Angeles) on the 25th or to the Master Minds and Artists Series of the University of Utah on the 30th.

None of these salesladies get rich in their work. Their annual incomes—most are on straight salaries—are somewhat higher than those of high-school teachers, but nothing to cause a gleam in the eye of an Internal Revenue man. While they're on the road all their expenses are paid.

Oh, yes. They prefer dealing with men. They find them more direct. And after all, the job of selling lecture talent requires much the same technique as selling coats or groceries.

Plotting His Course

FATHER DECLARED he was going to buy a new plot in the cemetery, a plot all for himself. "And I'll buy one on a corner," he added triumphantly, "where I can get out!"

Mother looked at him admiringly, and whispered to me, "I almost believe he could do it."—CLARENCE DAY (*Life With Father*)

Soldiers Below Zero



Selections from the Arctic Manual, government handbook prepared under the direction of the Chief of the Air Corps, United States Army

Myth-dispelling facts — and stranger-than-fiction truths—make the Arctic Manual more than a book of practical advice. It becomes, as well, a fascinating story of the little-known regions at the top and bottom of the world. Here are some sidelights:

• • • To those who think that mosquitoes hang out only in the tropics, news that the pesky little insects are found near the North Pole may come as a surprise. What's more, they are so thick in the Arctic in summer that you need clothes all over your body through which they cannot sting. This means reasonably heavy garments, no matter how hot it is, and accounts in part for the frequent statement of whites that they have suffered more from heat in the Arctic than anywhere else.

You wear leggings, gauntlet gloves and a sombrero hat. Mosquito netting, held by elastic to the crown of the hat, comes out over the brim and

is tucked inside your coat collar. Having it hanging down like a sort of cape is no good as the mosquitoes crawl up under it in great numbers.

Smokers have a problem, and so do those who chew and spit. Pipe smokers may be tempted to try a long-stem pipe, smoking it through a small hole in the net. But unless the hole is a tight fit, mosquitoes will crawl in along the stem.



• • • The frozen wastes do funny things to your eyes and ears.

On sea ice, or on land uniformly snow-covered, you are literally unable to see anything else that is white. Perhaps that may not seem unnatural, except that you don't have to have snow-whiteness, exactly matching the landscape. For instance, a polar bear,

in reality yellowish white, may be invisible as he approaches you; but you see his black nose and will, with that for a key, be able to notice his eyes and perhaps his claws or other dark spots, and even a faint outline of his body. Under the conditions where a bear is invisible a hundreds yards off, a blue fox might be seen at a distance of a mile or more.

On the other hand, the powers of hearing—or rather the facilities for it—are increased far more than are those of sight.

Under ideal circumstances, with a temperature of -60 to -80 degrees, you can overhear an ordinary conversation at distances from half a mile to a mile. You can hear a man stamping his feet on the ground at two miles, and at 10 to 12 miles, you can hear the sound of barking dogs or the chopping of wood with an ax.



• • • Life in the Arctic is simplified in at least one direction. Under permanent conditions of thaw, or conditions of intermittent thawing and freezing, you have to be very careful about how food is packed; under permanent frost, practically no care is required. Milk can be frozen into bricks and handled like bricks. Meat can be cut into separate steaks or roasts before freezing and then handled like chunks of wood. You can carry your meat in large pieces if you like, as an entire ham or even a carcass. Then, when meals are to be

cooked, you cut up the piece with saws or axes. Saws are generally better, for with intense cold an ax will splinter meat and some of the splinters may be lost. Sawing does, of course, waste a bit of the meat if you are not careful; but you can always gather the sawdust together and save it.



• • • Perhaps at some time in your life, when you were out in the open, your earlobes numb with cold and your fingers stiff and awkward, a kind friend, swearing it to be "a treatment that never fails," has advised you to rub snow on your frost-bitten face and hands. Belief in this "remedy," probably derived from ancient doctrines of sympathetic magic, has been long and widely held.

Such treatment of frostbite, however, is contrary to common sense. Consider the effect if snow at -50° were applied to a frozen part of the human body. The flesh that had suffered the freezing would then be only a little below the freezing point, while the snow would be 80° colder than freezing. The result must necessarily be deeper and more solid freezing.

Never rub snow on a frostbite; always apply something warmer than the affected part.

Don't try to warm frostbite by friction. Heat is generated by friction but slowly, and in the rubbing you are likely to break the skin; for the part that is being rubbed has already become stiff.

Fiction Feature:



Public Servant

by HUGH PENTECOST

Take an ambitious, cocksure, slightly crooked politician; pit him against an easy-going old inmate of the poor farm

—a gentle old man whose only love in life is fishing. Mix in a charming dietitian and an upright young editor for a touch of romance. The result is likely to be most anything—it turns out to be a story we know you'll like.



Public Servant by HUGH PENTECOST

THE OLD MAN sat back against a pine tree, eyes closed, his wrinkled face placid. He seemed to be asleep, but now and then, as there was a faint movement at the end of his fish line, his eyes popped open, unblinking, pale, bright blue.

He didn't move or change his position as he heard footsteps approaching through the underbrush that bordered the brook. A man of about forty-five appeared. His red face was good humored, but it was a sort of professional good humor if you looked closely. He wore a serge suit without vest and a gray felt hat pushed back on his head. The pale blue eyes opened suddenly to look at him.

"You're a hard guy to find, Pop."

"Not hard enough," said the old man, and closed his eyes again.

"I wanted to have a little talk with you, Pop."

"Now look, John Larigan, I've

known you since you was wetting your diapers. There's no use handing out any of your mush to me."

"You're a great kidder, Pop. Why, my old man and you . . ."

"Your father," said Pop Thatcher, "was a crook, and you was created in his image."

"Mind if I sit down?" said John.

"The woods are free," said Pop Thatcher, "unless you and your pals has figured out a way to charge a toll on 'em."

Larigan spread a handkerchief on the mossy earth and sat down. "I thought you'd rather I talked to you here instead of in front of Miss Brace," Larigan said.

"That flibbertigibbet!"

"Now she's a nice girl, Pop, and a smart one. She studied up to Cornell. She knows all about diet and what's good for you."

"I'd have to blackjack her to get a

tablespoonful of whiskey," Pop said. "Which I need for purely medicinal purposes!"

"The town can't afford to pay for a daily snifter for you, Pop."

"I tell you it's medicine," Pop protested.

"Doc Evans don't see it that way."

"Doc Evans is a new fangled fool!"

Larigan's tone was soothing. "Now Pop, you'd ought to look at things the way they are. You're the only charge the town has got. Under the law we got to keep the poor farm open for you. We've got a fine, intelligent girl to take care of the place for you—to feed you—to see you're comfortable."

"You keep it open all right," Pop said. "Roof leaks in twenty places. Ain't a lock on a door so a man would be safe from crooks or racketeers."

Larigan chuckled. "Who ever heard of crooks or racketeers in Fairchild?"

"I'm looking at one, ain't I?"

Larigan's mouth tightened. "I don't like to be tough, Pop, but you might as well get it straight. You drove out that last woman we had running the place with your complaining and cantankerousness. Now Miss Brace says she's at her wit's end. She says nothing is ever right. That you holler from one end of the day to the other."

"She cooks codfish balls flat!" complained Pop Thatcher. "Any fool knows you make codfish balls round and cook 'em in deep fat."

Larigan stood up. "Well, Pop, I see you won't listen to reason. So I'm warning you. If we keep on hav-

ing trouble with you, the town board will have to do something about it."

"That's what I keep telling you," Pop said. "You got to do something!" The old man hauled in his line. "No use in fishin' after all this commotion." He removed the fly from the line and stuck it in his hatband. He wiped his hands on his blue overalls and got to his feet. "Used to be a little privacy in the woods."

They walked along a winding path till they came to a clearing. A farmhouse stood in the open, its shingled roof black with age, paint peeling from its once white walls. The barn in the background had sagged in the middle. A girl in a bright yellow smock came out of the kitchen and joined them.

"I see you found him, Mr. Larigan," she said.

"I found him all right, Miss Brace."

The old man gave Mabel Brace a baleful look. "Turned stool pigeon, huh," he said.

"Now, Mr. Thatcher!"

Mabel Brace had naturally curly bobbed hair. She looked business-like and efficient as well as pretty.

"Now Mr. Thatcher!" the old man mocked her. "Seems as if everybody acts like I was four instead of

While Hugh Pentecost, who has been writing for 18 of his 38 years, was conducting a column in a small Vermont town paper, a story came to his ears about the neighboring town, where town fathers were dismayed because they had to keep the poor farm running for the sake of one solitary inmate. They solved the problem neatly: by electing the inmate to the state legislature and closing the farm. Pentecost was impressed by the story and promptly sat down to write Public Servant.

seventy-four. A sound roof, decent food, a bed that ain't stuffed with corn cobs, and a touch of whiskey for medicinal purposes ain't much to ask for in a great democracy!"

Larigan looked thoughtfully around at the buildings and then at Pop Thatcher and Mabel Brace. "Maybe we can do something to ease the situation for everyone," he said.

He got into his car and drove off.

Not till he was out of sight did Pop and Mabel Brace look at each other. The old man's crotchety expression changed into a broad grin.

"Looks like we're getting under his skin, Mabel."

"Oh, I hope so, Mr. Thatcher." Mabel turned and called to someone in the house, "Tod! He's gone."

A tall, stoop-shouldered young man with a studious look came out of the kitchen. Tod Lewis was editor of the local paper.

"You certainly were dishing it out, Pop," he said.

Pop chuckled. "Make enough hurrah and holler and you get what you want in this world," he said. "And if you'd point out in that paper of yours how disgraceful things are out here..."

Tod shook his head. "Can't do it,

Pop. Everyone knows how things are with me and Mabel. They'd think I was plugging it to make sure she had a job. But if you keep on needling Larigan, he may fix things up just to keep you quiet."

UNDER NORMAL circumstances the Town Board of the town of Fairchild met on the first Tuesday of each month. They were, however, in special session on this particular Tuesday.

As required by laws of the State of New York, the board consists of a supervisor and four justices of the peace, with a Town Clerk to attend to records and accounts.

Supervisor Larigan called the meeting to order in the Town Clerk's shabby little office. Justices Taylor, tall, angular and toothless; Barnes, possessor of a magnificent set of white chin whiskers, and Goodwillie, who looked exactly like Donald Meek, the movie actor, were in attendance.

"Gentlemen," said Larigan, "we're holding this special meeting because of the untimely passing of Judge Eberhardt."

"God rest his soul," said Justice Barnes, piously.

"Under the law," Larigan con-

"You keep it open all right," Pop said. "Roof leaks in twenty places."



tinued, "it is our duty to appoint a justice of the peace to fill his place until the next elections. I suggest we dispense with formality, and each one of you speak up if you've got someone in mind."

"There's Elmer Harwood," said Justice Taylor.

"He's been a mite critical, from time to time," said Justice Barnes.

"Very critical indeed," said Justice Goodwillie.

"Maybe you're right," said Justice Taylor.

"There's Joe McDermott," said Justice Barnes.

"Dear me," said Justice Goodwillie. "He's got such a loud voice and always hollerin'."

"Always right, and everybody else is always wrong," said Justice Taylor.

"I guess he would be apt to make trouble," Justice Barnes conceded.

"There's Matt Evans," suggested Justice Goodwillie, timidly.

"No," said Justice Taylor.

"No," said Justice Barnes.

Justice Goodwillie's voice was a whisper. "Anything you think best, gentlemen."

"I've a suggestion, gentlemen," Larigan said, "which you may think is crazy."

Justice Goodwillie cleared his throat nervously. The other board members glared at him.

"At the present," Larigan continued, "we have only one town charge, old man Thatcher. The entire poor farm is being run for his benefit. And he's mean and complaining, and constantly dissatisfied. Now, gentle-

men if employment could be found for Pop, we could close the farm down and forget about it."

"Well, I'll be a so-and-so," said Justice Barnes.

"I see you get the point," said Larigan. "My suggestion is quite simple. I propose appointing Pop Thatcher to this board. We can always vote him down. And there'd be no harm in his trying a few speeding cases if they come up."

"John, you always was a smart feller," said Justice Taylor.

"Then shall we consider the matter settled?" Larigan said.

"Good morning, Judge."

Pop Thatcher delivered himself of a grunt which merged into a strangled sound, induced by a high starched collar. The sleeves of his Montgomery Ward suit were too short, leaving in view a vast expanse of bony wrist and hand.

Tod Lewis, in his office at the Fairchild *Weekly Clarion*, pushed back his eyeshade and looked at the old man over the top of his desk.

"Mabel's sure got you slicked up," he said.

"These blasted shoes are killing me," Pop said.

Tod put down the pencil with which he had been correcting proof.

"Pop, looks like you and Mabel outsmarted yourselves. You got under Larigan's skin all right. Only he boomeranged you."

"Young pip-squeak."

"It's no use, Pop," Tod said. "Larigan's a smart apple. He's been

finding a way out of jams for years. That's why he's been re-elected supervisor four times. He's one of the reasons I can't run a decent paper. If I open my trap about anything, the advertisers begin disappearing. Larigan's got 'em all under his thumb."

"Seems as if. If I told him I wouldn't be a dad-blasted justice of the peace I'd have been turning down employment and they wouldn't have to take care of me no longer."

"You can't outsmart Larigan," Tod said.

"Worst of all, I went and talked Mabel right out of a job."

"It can't be helped, Pop. What's done is done."

"That's what *you* say."

"What can you do?"

"I don't know," Pop glowered.

"But no Larigan ever run over no Thatcher before. Be ashamed to die with that on my conscience."

"**G**LAD to see you with us, Pop." Larigan's smile was genial. Pop Thatcher glanced around the Town Clerk's office. It was thick with cigar smoke. The table in front

of Larigan was littered with papers. Justices Taylor, Barnes and Goodwillie mumbled greetings.

"I thought the meeting was called for seven-thirty," Pop said.

"It was, Pop," said Larigan, "but we all got here early, so we figured we might as well get started. We were beginning to talk about the bond issue for the new school."

Pop sat down. He saw that in addition to the board, the clerk and the road commissioner were present. "What's gone on before I got here?" Pop asked.

"We just attended to the matter of the new road machinery we had to buy," said Larigan. "Now as to these school bonds..."

"Did you arrange to buy road machinery?" Pop asked.

"Sure, Pop, sure," said Larigan. "Scraper, tractor and new steam shovel."

"How much?"

"Twenty-two thousand dollars,"

"I gotta right to information, ain't I?"



said Larigan, beginning to sound irritated.

"Who'd you buy it from?" Pop demanded.

"The Mansfield Company."

"Was that the lowest bid?"

"Have we got to go into this again?" Justice Taylor wanted to know.

"I got a right to the information, ain't I?" Pop demanded. "I'm a member of the board, ain't I?"

"Sure, you've got a right," Larigan said. "As a matter of fact, Mansfield is four hundred dollars above the low bid, but Commissioner Saunders here tells us their machinery is far superior."

"Besides," said Justice Goodwillie, "they—"

"They make the best product," said Larigan, sharply.

Justice Goodwillie looked confused but was silent.

Pop leaned back in his chair. "Well, I'm against it," he said. "I'm for accepting the lowest bid. And I'd like my vote on record."

"Okay, Pop. The clerk will register your negative vote. That makes three for and one against, so it doesn't alter the situation. Now about the school bonds. The voters have agreed to raise forty-five thousand, and all we got to do is ask for bids on the bonds."

Pop sat silent through the discussion of school financing. When the meeting was over he went out into the starlit night. Saunders, the road commissioner, joined him as they walked along the village street.

"How'd you like your first meeting, Pop?"

Pop looked at Saunders. The com-

missioner had one of those canary-swallowing smiles on his face. "Twa'nt bad," said Pop. "By the way, how much of a bonus is the Mansfield Company handing out?"

"Bonus?" Saunders was startled.

"Shucks," said Pop, "there ain't no other reason for accepting a high bid. I've always heard tell these machinery companies hand out a little gravy for getting an order."

Saunders shook his head. "Pop, you ain't so dumb as I thought you was. Matter of fact, they're payin' fifteen hundred bucks."

"Who gets the money?" Pop asked.

Saunders chuckled. "Oh, it's distributed. You may get to like your new job, Pop."

Pop looked down at his new store shoes and his face twitched. "Say maybe you're right, Saunders. Maybe you're right."

JOHN LARIGAN came into the office of the *Fairchild Weekly Clarion* two mornings later, a copy of that day's edition in his hand.

"What is all this?" he asked.

"All what?" Tod Lewis asked.

"This nonsense on the front page. This!" Larigan put the paper down on Tod's desk.

TAXPAYERS BENEFITED

BY SHREWD DEAL

"At the last meeting of the town board, new road machinery in the sum of twenty-two thousand dollars was purchased from the Mansfield Company. This bid was four hundred dollars higher than the lowest bid but the town fathers, with only one negative vote from



"What's all this nonsense on the front page?"

the newly appointed Peace Justice Thatcher, accepted it because of the fact that the Mansfield Company offered a bonus of fifteen hundred dollars if they received the order. Thus the town actually makes a profit of eleven hundred dollars on the deal which will swell the town fund and lighten next year's burden on the taxpayers of Fairchild."

Tod Lewis' eyes were bland. "Why, it's true, isn't it, Larigan?"

Larigan's composure was getting a trifle thin.

"Where—who told—"

"Why, from Pop Thatcher. Ask him. Here he comes now."

Pop Thatcher, running his finger under the edge of the torturing stiff collar, ambled up the path to the *Clarion* office.

"'Morning, Tod. 'Morning, John."

"Pop, did you give this story to Lewis?"

Pop looked at the paper. "Why, yes, I did."

"And how did you get the idea that

fifteen hundred went into the town fund?"

"Don't it?" Pop asked. "Seems as if it should."

"Holy mackerel!" Larigan said.

Pop's eyes widened. "Why, it never occurred to me it would be any other way, John," he said. "If Saunders or the rest of us was to cut that melon it wouldn't be honest. There's been a dozen people this morning told me what an old fool I was to vote against the idea. They're all saying how you always look out for the townsfolk, John."

Larigan looked as if high blood pressure were about to catch up with him at last. He glared at Pop, at Tod Lewis, and then turned and stalked away without another word. Pop watched him go.

"For a feller who's just done the town good, he don't act happy, Tod."

Tod Lewis was shaking with laughter. "He don't for a fact!"

"I GOT A RIGHT to look at the records," Pop said.

"Sure you have," said the clerk.

"Any private citizen has the right," Pop said, "and I'm more'n that. I'm a Justice of the Peace. A servant of the people."

"Sure," said the clerk. "Sure you are Pop. What do you want to see?"

"I'd kind of like to glance over the plans for the new school house."

Blueprints were produced from the safe and spread out on the table. Pop studied them. The clerk went on with his work at the books.

"Right nice," said Pop. "Big airy

rooms. Nice study hall and auditorium where the kids can put on shows and things. I suppose the rest of the money is goin' into a playground or an athletic field or somethin'."

The clerk looked up from his books. "The rest of what money?"

"Why, I see on the margin here, the contractor figures the buildin' at twenty-six thousand dollars. We're bonding the town for forty-five."

"Now, by my reckonin', that should leave nineteen thousand over for a sport field. I kind of wish they had a special cookin' school for the girls. Most of 'em don't know a thing about cookin' these days. Who's layin' out the field?"

"Well, there ain't exactly going to be a field, Pop," the clerk said.

"Well, about that nineteen thousand, then," Pop said.

"Oh, that!" said the clerk.

"Must go for something."

The clerk wriggled in his chair.

"Well, there's the bus line, that's been transporting the kids to the rural school."

"You mean we're buying it?"

"Have to," said the clerk.

"Is that so?" Pop tugged at the end of his tobacco stained mustache. "Seems like I remember hearing that Peace Justice Barnes owns that bus line."

"Well, he does," said the clerk.

"What're we going to use this bus line fer after we get it?"

"It won't be used," said the clerk.

"Won't be no call for it with all the kids going to one central school."

"Then we're payin' nineteen thou-

sand dollars for nothin'?" asked Pop. "Seems like a high price."

"You can't just put a man out of business, Pop," the clerk said. "We figured nineteen thousand was a fair price for it."

"That's mighty interestin'," smiled Pop. "Mighty interestin'. Be seein' you."

As Pop walked out of the office, the clerk made a dive for the telephone.

About a block from the office of the *Clarion*, Pop came face to face with John Larigan.

Larigan, as usual, was wearing that professional smile. "Where you headed, Pop?"

"To see Tod," Pop said. "Got an interesting story for him. How the town is buying a bus line that ain't a bus line."

"Let's sit down and talk it over, Pop. The clerk just phoned me you'd been in. I don't think I got the hang of this."

"As far as I know, it ain't a hangin' offense," Pop said, "but I don't think folks are going to like it. They voted to spend forty-five thousand on a school."

Larigan kept his voice under control. "All right, Pop. Maybe it isn't exactly fair to the voters. I could get the architect to draw new plans."

"With a gymnasium for the kids?" Pop said. "And maybe a domestic science room for the girls so they could learn to cook codfish balls the way they *ought* to be cooked?"

"All right—all right!"

"Well," said Pop. "If the new plans are presented at a special meet-



ILLUSTRATIONS
BY HAL KRAMER

ing, say Tuesday . . . there wouldn't be any story for Tod, would there?"

THERE WAS an air of chill hostility in the Town Clerk's office. Only Pop Thatcher was cheerful. He looked over the new plans for the school with satisfaction.

"If there's no more business we can adjourn," said Larigan grimly.

"Well, there is a mite more business," said Pop. "It's about the poor farm. I know it's been a consarned nuisance to you for some time. I'm for closin' it up, permanent. I understand the State sends a man down to okay such proceedings, so I've wrote and asked him to come. I'm mailin' the letter on the way home. I see you've been appropriating six thousand a year for upkeep, and all you got to do is show the State man how you've spent the money and how it don't pay to keep it open for one old man."

There was a deep silence.

"Seems as if you ought to have an

itemized account," Pop said, "on account of when the State man looks at the place he may not see where the money has been put. Place looks kind of run down to the naked eye."

John Larigan took a handkerchief from his hip pocket and wiped his perspiring face. "Pop," he said, "you win."

THE OLD MAN sat back against a pine tree, eyes closed, his wrinkled face placid. He seemed to be asleep, but now and then, as there was a faint movement at the end of his fish line, his eyes popped open.

He didn't move or change his expression as he heard footsteps approaching through the underbrush that bordered the brook.

It wasn't very long before a man in hip waders and a fancy light trout rod came into view.

"Pardon me," he said, "but they told me back at that farm you might be able to give me a tip on where the fish are biting."

Pop Thatcher squinted at him. "They ain't biting here," he said. "Maybe if you was to follow the stream about a mile you'd run onto something."

"Thanks," said the man. "Nice-looking place back there. Your farm?"

A reminiscent smile flickered on the old man's lips. "Why, no," he said. "That's the town poor farm."

"It certainly is well kept up," said the fisherman.

"Now it is, for a fact," said Pop. "Some folks figured it was a waste of

money. But the town board was determined our old folks should have a decent place to live."

"Pretty good bunch, your local politicians."

"Not bad," said Pop. "Not bad at all. Used to be in politics myself, but it was kind of strenuous. Had a hand in gettin' this place fixed up, and then retired to it." Pop chuckled. "Matter of fact, before I quit I performed a wedding ceremony. Married the girl

who runs this place to the local editor. Right smart boy. They say he may be the next Supervisor."

"Well, thanks for the information about the fish," the man said.

"That's all right," said Pop. He closed his eyes again. After a moment or two there was a sharp tug at his line. Pop grinned. "No use tellin' him the only trout for miles is right here," he muttered. "Get the place all cluttered up."



German Lesson at Valley Forge

WHEN the Baron von Steuben arrived at Valley Forge to drill American troops he knew practically no English, and addressed soldiers in German. American officers soon found that he asked only three questions, and always in the same order. First, "How old are you?" second, "How long have you served in the army?" and third, "Who is the better soldier, you or I?" On the basis of this discovery they taught the soldiers three answers in German, in the order of the Baron's three questions: "*Funf-und-dreissig Jahre*" (thirty-five years) to the first; "*Vier Jahre*" (four years) to the second; and "*Alle beide*" (both of us) to the third.

Soon after this the Baron

stopped a grizzled veteran, and asked in German: "How long have you been in the army?"

"*Funf-und-dreissig Jahre!*" came the answer.

Steuben looked surprised, but continued in German: "Thirty-five years! How old are you, then?"

"*Vier Jahre!*" came the triumphant answer.

Steuben was now bewildered:

"Four years old!" he said, still in German, "and you have served in the army thirty-five years! Who is crazy here, you or I?"

The soldier, knowing that this was the last question, yelled out with relief: "*Alle beide, general!*" (Both of us!)

—L. C. TIHANY

A man with a warm heart and a genius for picking good voices has brought the Met to Main Street and brightened the prospects for American singers



Major Bowes of the Opera

by WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

TEN MILLION pairs of ears will be glued to radio receiving sets throughout America on Sunday afternoon, March 22nd—as many as listen to a major prize fight or football game.

Crackling over the ether waves will come news they have waited months to hear: names of the winners in a contest to determine the best among 750 men and women vocalists from all sections of the continent. For to each winner goes a prize of \$1,000, plus—what is an even more coveted honor—a contract with the Metropolitan Opera.

The occasion will be a grand one, as famous opera stars gather to do honor to the winners of awards in the famous Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air, now completing its seventh successful season. Hundreds of music fans will be present in the great NBC studio in Radio City as

Edward Johnson, general manager of the Metropolitan makes the awards, and as Maestro Wilfred Pelletier—"Pelly" to opera fans around the world, and coming fast to be known as "Major Bowes of the Opera"—conducts. Pelly and the Auditions are Siamese twins—one simply couldn't live without the other.

For twenty-five years Wilfred Pelletier has been with the Metropolitan, specializing as conductor of French and Italian operas. But it wasn't until the staid old Met decided to take down its hair and frolic with young singers that the democratic Pelly came into his own.

There's no gulf between Pelly, who has drilled Caruso, Farrar, Bori, Martinelli, Gigli, Melchior, Pons, Jeritza, Tibbett, Alda and Bampton—he married the latter—and the ambitious, but shy and nervous singers from the provinces. As he remembers his own

struggle upward, he finds much common ground with them.

He started his musical career at 9 in an obscure theater in Montreal, playing drums and traps for a Negro pianist. At 16 he won the Prix d'Europe of Quebec and went to Paris to study. Then he became accompanist of the Conservatoire Orchestra, just setting out on its first American tour.

Pelly came to New York in advance, and the day he arrived he got a cablegram saying the tour had been postponed. He was stranded in a strange land—it was his first visit to the United States—and he had no money, no friends, no job. By chance a private teacher heard him and took him on as an accompanist for Ganna Walska. Out of that job came an offer as assistant conductor of the Metropolitan Opera Association—and Pelly was only 21 years old.

Long before the radio auditions were started, Pelly had sat as a judge in the recesses of the empty Metropolitan Opera House, listening to vocalists struggle against the gloom and barrenness of the place. One day a "girl from vaudeville" came up for a hearing and made a profound impression with her first aria. Rosa Ponselle had been "discovered."

In another series of auditions, eleven years ago, as the committee was beginning to feel bored, a frail slip of a girl, with very big eyes and a winning smile, stepped out on the Met stage. Every note was a pearl. There was perfection in tone and phrase. The next morning she was handed a contract—it was Lily Pons.

Such experiences have trained Pelly to be the perfect listening post for operatic democracy. And when the assignment was given him to direct the activity destined to provide the greatest harvest of golden voices opera has had, he jumped at the chance.

THE CALL WENT out for singers that fall of 1934. They came by the scores. The stage entrance of the Met's old home swung wide open. To date, Pelly has already gladhanded more than 5,000 youthful aspirants to the Met's magic stage, 20 of whom have landed contracts. Each Sunday, from fall to spring, the two best of a week's crop of candidates go on the nationwide hookup; each March the awards are made.

They come at the rate of 700 or more a year, from cities and farms, from mines and school rooms, from church choirs and stock companies, from night clubs and choruses. They hitch-hike, fly, borrow railroad fare, even walk to New York to get a hearing. Among those who have appeared are former stage hands, bank clerks, engineers, evangelists, coal miners, a butcher boy, the daughter of a British dominion officer, and a fur trapper. One season's candidates represented 30 states, 13 countries.

Pelly can't meet them at the train, of course, but he does give them a reception that puts warmth into New York's reported coldness. A friendly note indicates the appointed hour of audition. The singer arrives in Radio City to meet 15 or 20 other seekers of Met roles. They soon break the ice,

and strangers become friends.

The maestro, who is little, dynamic, enthusiastic and friendly, sometimes breaks in on a group with "Make yourselves at home, folks," or "This is going to be a nice little party this afternoon." Then he steps into the control room of one of NBC's smaller, more intimate studios, and with another member of the judging committee present, starts the auditions. Each singer is asked to give an "en-core." Often the second selection is better than the first. Occasionally an aspirant gets jitters that really crimp his style.

"Let's wait a little while and take another shot at it," Pelly will say. Others come and go; the nervous one has relaxed. Suddenly Pelly calls for the performer and, before he has time to get jittery, the number is on.

Two or three afternoons a week go to auditions. But Pelly never tires. His job is a game, a hunt, a romance—never a chore. I sat with him a couple of times in the control room.

For those who simply didn't have it, Pelly had sympathy—but he didn't express it. A real voice never escaped him. To one he said, "Go home and study another year, and then come back. I won't forget you."

"I can tell an operatic voice in the first five notes," he said to me. Four or five times he almost jumped from his chair, as an unusual voice registered. A Jewish girl from Brooklyn, only 19 years old, who has sung in the Central Music Hall, gave a beautiful rendition of an aria. A woman singer from Philadelphia, who had

made a name in light opera, a remarkable English tenor, a Texas cowboy vocalist, and a Hungarian-born-and-trained musician—all captured Pelly's attention.

It was an unusually good week, he said. Sometimes a day's auditions are barren. When names are taken, the fortunate candidates are notified the next day to call at Pelly's studio in the old Opera Building for private hearing and coaching.

It's a cheerful little place, full of charm and homeyness, which you might find in the First National Bank of any country town. Until last year, studio and office were in one room; piano, typewriter, telephone and operatic voice all chorused at once. Now Pelly has a cubbyhole studio in a partitioned-off corner.

I SAT IN PELLY'S office one morning as these private lessons—free, of course—went on. I was both deafened and enchanted. A single phrasing might take a quarter of an hour. But the singer must have it down perfect. That's Pelly's invariable rule.

He may keep a brace of singers a month for training before he puts them on the auditions of the air. Some who come to New York on a shoestring confess they haven't finances to hold out that long. Somehow or other, an unsolicited concert or recital offer pops up, a chance to sing in a church, a theater or a night club—always with a little money attached. Of course, Pelly claims to know nothing about it.

Pelly likes to recall those who have

paraded their voices and personalities before him. Of the first year's crop of singers, nine reached the finals, and the two topnotchers won Met contracts—Arthur Carron, tenor, and Anna Kaskas, mezzo soprano. Carron's debut the next fall was a sensation. Today both are major performers, playing frequent roles with the Metropolitan. Five others of that first year's list were also engaged and still are on the Met's roster.

A former coal miner of Scranton, Pennsylvania, Thomas Thomas, crashed the 1936-37 series for the pennant, and the next fall when he made his debut as Silvio in *Pagliacci*, 1,500 of his fellow Scrantonians stormed the Metropolitan Opera House to help swell his ovation. Maxine Stellman, co-winner that year, has gone far in concert and radio as well as opera.

The next year, two New York lads captured the thousand-dollar checks and silver plaques, along with contracts—John Carter, tenor, and Leonard Warren, baritone. Carter sang in high schools, then studied civil engineering. In the privacy of his own room he would sing by the hour, imagining himself to be the successor of Caruso or Martinelli. But the call of music was too strong for him and he gave up his engineering course and set off for New York. The Met audition made him. Radio and motion picture roles followed. He drew 120,000 people to an open-air concert in Grant Park in Chicago one night.

A girl of the Middlewest who would never say quit was one of the two to triumph in 1939. Annamary Dickey,

How It Began

One night in 1934, George A. Martin, president of the Sherwin Williams Co., was taxiing down Broadway. At 33rd Street, his cab hit a jam. Great crowds gathered before the Met—a line of galleryites extended a block—electric lights blazed names of stars. "How did they make the grade?" Martin asked himself. He had heard of terrifying auditions in gloomy, empty auditoriums. An idea struck him: why not a little glamour in tryouts? why not put the best on the radio and give the public a treat? He took his idea to Edward Johnson of the Met. And thus was born the Metropolitan Auditions of the Air.

daughter of a dentist in Decatur, Illinois, had studied piano and violin. She really wanted to sing and made the grade with the St. Louis and Cincinnati opera companies. For four seasons she entered the Met auditions, reaching the finals three times and topping the list the fourth. Co-winner with Annamary was Mack Harrell, a Texas banker's son.

In 1940 the two winners were a choir girl and a medical student. Twenty-three-year-old Eleanor Steber of Wheeling, West Virginia, was a church soloist at sixteen. She won a six-year scholarship at the New England conservatory, and made her way as church, radio and light opera singer.

Arthur Kent, 30, of Italian-English parentage, was a medical student at Cornell University when a professor chanced to hear him sing, urged him to join the glee club. Kent disliked the idea, but his fraternity pushed

him in. He gave up medicine, went to New York, sang for a while, decided music wasn't profitable, and started to study law. But his voice called him back. He already sings in five languages and has learned 15 operatic roles—a good introduction to a Met career. Two runners-up of that year were also given contracts by the Metropolitan.

AS SOON AS the winners are announced, the Met takes them under its wing. Free lessons, concert engagements, coaching in acting as well as singing, working with established opera stars and with the Metropolitan orchestra, and a substantial stipend while in training—all this is added to the \$1,000 check at the end of the audition trail. Then comes the hour of climax—roles in opera in New York.

Pelly's "graduates" substantially help along the cause of making the Metropolitan more and more a company of American singers. Mr. Johnson reports that more than 66 percent of his artists are American, native or naturalized, and he anticipates an even greater preponderance. Pelly, who was born a French Canadian, took out his U.S. citizenship papers long ago.

The maestro feels like a proud papa when any one of his young singers lands a good job, either in or out of the opera. He plugs for them whenever he gets a chance. Often the audition itself leads to an opening.

Robert Topping, a Pittsburgh electrician, sang with his mother in a

church quartet until he won a place in the Met's semi-finals in 1940. That set him on his way professionally in music. The concert stage has claimed a lad from an Indiana farm family of eleven children, Philip Duey, who reached the finals the same year. A Lone Star State soprano, Evelyn Case of San Antonio, was brought to New York by Roxy to sing in the Radio City Music Hall. She auditioned on the Met program and later, on Pelly's recommendation, won the place of leading lady in a prominent Broadway musical.

Pelly, who hammers away constantly for opera in English, says the level of American voices is constantly rising; there are more and better voices, and young artists are working harder to succeed. Faults that are tolerated on the European operatic stage—when there is one—are fatal here. He believes the finest voices in the world are developing among us. He is relentlessly opposed, however, to 16 or 17-year-old youngsters, even with phenomenal talent, being precipitated into opera. It's up like a rocket and down like a stick. A lasting career is impossible without years of training to obtain voice control and appreciation of operatic roles.

The maestro's particular pride is in the growing custom of American artists keeping their American names.

"Plain, simple, sturdy American names are good enough to live by and to sing by," says Pelly. "American singers and opera in the English language make a combination that is a world-beater."



These names have acquired a fancy foreign accent but as soon as you restore them to plain English you'll discover that many of them are old friends

Names In Masquerade

THIS QUIZ consists of fifty names that have been deliberately tampered with. In each case, the name has been translated into a different language and you are asked to translate it back into its original form. Naturally, a linguist has a head start in this quiz; but even if you don't know any foreign languages you may be surprised at how many correct answers you can deduce.

The first thirty questions represent the names of well known Americans or Englishmen. These names have been translated into French, Spanish, German or Italian equivalents. *Example:* Wilhelm Schwartzstein. Wilhelm is German for William; schwartz means black and stein means stone. Therefore, the answer is William Blackstone.

In some instances, the individual may be better known to us by the familiar form of his first name—for example, Bob instead of Robert. But

in those cases, the formal name is nevertheless used for the foreign equivalent. Questions 31-40 and 41-50 vary from the preceding thirty, as explained in the text immediately preceding these questions.

Count two points for each correct answer. A fair score is 60; while 72 or more is good, and anything over 84 is excellent. Answers will be found on page 154.

1. Alessandro Papa
2. Oscar Sauvage
3. Nathan Heil
4. Tomás Lobo
5. Josephine Boulanger
6. Robert Schneider
7. Roberto Esperanza
8. Johannes Trinkwasser
9. Gualtiero Scotto
10. Charles Agneau
11. Lang Hans Silber
12. O. Enrique

13. J. McN. Pfeifer
14. Guillaume Plume
15. Guglielmo Rosa
16. Franz Schwarz
17. Arrico Pontes
18. Federico Pierre
19. Guillaume A. Blanc
20. Thomás Hombre
21. Hauptmann Kind
22. Guillaume le Conquérant
23. "Jambon" Poisson
24. Juan Toro
25. Roberto Joven
26. Barbe-Bleue
27. Jonatàn Pronto
28. Jean Brun
29. Roberto Servizio
30. Gualterio H. Página

The following ten questions are English translations of famous foreign names; translate them back into their original form:

31. Cardinal Richplace

32. The Greek
33. Joseph Green
34. Emperor Charlesthegreat
35. Dolores of the River
36. Baron Redshield
37. General Calmmountain
38. John S. Brook
39. Joseph Steel
40. Professor Onestone

The following ten questions are the names of cities in North and South America, translated into English; give them in their correct form:

41. The Angels, California
42. The Pass, Texas
43. Bottom of the Lake, Wisconsin
44. Hot Water, Mexico
45. Red Stick, Louisiana
46. Good Airs, Argentina
47. Body of Christ, Texas
48. Aunt Jane, Mexico
49. Royal Mountain, Canada
50. Clear Water, Wisconsin

John Whorf

Admittedly one of the hardest mediums to work with, as well as one of the most spontaneous, water color has grown increasingly popular since the late 19th century. John Whorf, in *Winter by the Sea*, shows one reason why. In the words of Harvard University, which conferred on him the honorary degree of Master of Arts, Whorf is "an expert employing a difficult and brilliant medium, who catches with his brush the ever changing light on land and water."

Grant Wood

Beloved of art student and layman alike, Grant Wood returns to these pages with *In the Spring*. He was born in Iowa (Anamosa) in 1892, taught art in Cedar Rapids, won fame with his paintings of Iowa subjects. He belongs to that group which in recent years has made American art a popular movement, and has devoted much of his energy and time to encouraging production from younger artists.



BY JOHN WHITE
LIVING AMERICAN ART, INC., NEW YORK CITY

Winter by the Sea

BY JOHN WHITE

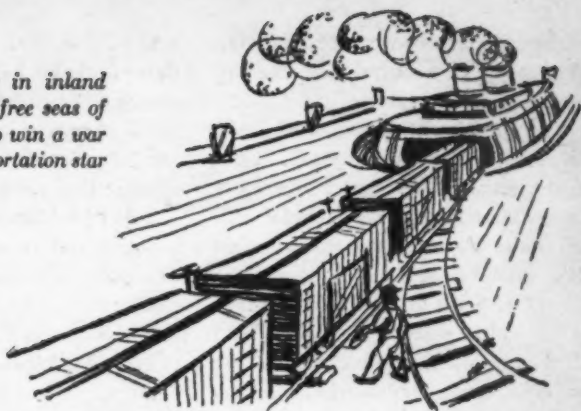


ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS GALLERIES

BY GEORGE WOOD

In the Spring

Car ferries operating in inland U. S., across the last free seas of the world, may help to win a war where time and transportation star



Freight Trains Afloat

by DOUGLAS J. INGELLS

COLD, SHARP and violent, a seventy-two-mile-an-hour gale lashed the blue-green waters of Lake Michigan into frothing turbulence. It was Armistice night, 1940.

The pulpwood freighter *Novadoc* out of Port Huron with 18 men aboard, pounded on the reefs just off Pentwater. Coast Guardsmen had tried again and again to reach her, only to be forced back each time. Finally, with more courage than saneness, two brothers, Clyde and Arthur Cross, ventured forth in their tiny boat which chug-chugged its way toward the floundering vessel. After two hours of hell and fury, they took off the crew—just as the freighter's hulk, split in half by a monstrous two-story wave, sank below the surface.

Fifty miles southward, Captain Harley C. Norton of the tanker *New Haven Socony* narrowly escaped death when a similar wave swept the ship's pilot

house right from around him. But Norton, in oilskins and boots—which iced up so much they had to be removed with a chisel—stood his post and guided his disabled ship safely to port, hours after she was given up as another tragedy. And the *Socony* had carried 600,000 gallons of gasoline which threatened to explode from friction each time a wave struck her!

Such episodes are typical of man's heroic battles against the elements on the Great Lakes each winter. Yet

Assistant editor of Flying and Popular Aviation, Douglas J. Ingells in this article has deserted his special field because he feels the airplane, like the automobile, "is becoming too common to make good copy." He is young (born in Paris, Texas, in 1918)—earnest (began writing feature stories for a weekly newspaper when he was 13)—and bright (won second place in the TWA national aviation writers' contest two years in a row). In addition, he has owned and edited a paper in Muskegon, Michigan, and served for a time as aviation editor on the Dayton Daily News.

fairly little is known about this fabulous shipping business—on the last free seas of the world.

Yes, shipping traffic on the lakes is heavier in volume than the U. S. foreign maritime commerce. There are approximately 560 commercial vessels under U. S. registry operating on these inland seas; they represent some 2,500,000 gross tons—about one-fifth of our entire merchant marine. And of this total, thirty-five vessels are powerful, stout, ruggedly-built car ferries which transport railroad cars across the lakes twelve months of the year despite high wind, high water or the hell that is caused by ice.

The most unusual and the least known about of all the lakes' shipping enterprises, the car ferries (93,998 tonnage) plough through the waters of three of the five Great Lakes, and across the Detroit River. But the greatest traffic is on Lake Michigan (51,171 tons) which is the largest (22,400 square miles) wholly U.S.-owned inland lake.

ACROSS THIS body of water where it is deepest, broadest and roughest, three railroads own and operate a small flotilla of ships that constitutes the most unique rail-water transportation system in the world—an extension of a railroad from Michigan to Wisconsin founded on the geometric principle that it is shorter to cross than to go around the lake.

Once an obscure Great Lakes shipping business, known only to a few shippers, the car ferry systems now are getting sidewise glances from OPM

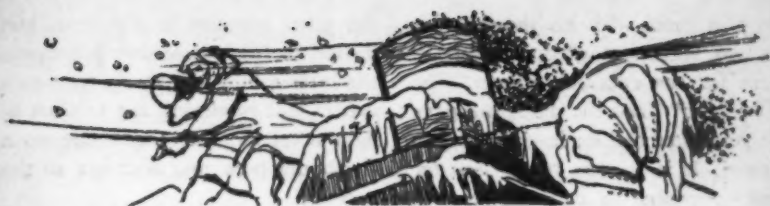
and ICC as likely outlets to speed up defense freight shipments. Already emergency freight—hundreds of thousands of tons of iron, steel, coal, copper, chemicals, and machinery — is moving thus via ferry.

The Pere Marquette Railway Company, Grand Trunk-Milwaukee Ferry Company (a subsidiary of the Canadian National Railways) and the Ann Arbor Railroad Company control all of Lake Michigan's ferry traffic. Pere Marquette is the largest, although the Ann Arbor road covers the greatest total lake miles (312).

The modern car ferry fleet is made up of ships that average 330 feet, bow to stern—about the size of the torpedoed U. S. Destroyer *Reuben James*. Built from heavy steel keels, the ferries are bulky, cumbersome, but powerful craft. Some, but not all, have passenger accommodations. Their broad squatty hulls are painted dull black, broken by small red spots here and there where paint has been scraped. Cabin structures are painted white, but thick black coal smoke from the funnels turns them gray.

But there is one exception to all this dirt and dullness. The *City of Midland* (Pere Marquette) is as beautiful and luxurious as any ocean liner afloat. She is sleek, low and streamlined. Unlike the others, her cabin's exterior is spotless white, but then, she is not yet a year old. Inside are carpeted floors, 74 spacious state-rooms, bridal suite, soft leather lounging chairs, small bar and a large, well-furnished dining salon.

Last year she was the principal fac-



tor in increasing passenger figures 50 per cent over 1940's record. And at \$3.00 per head (clear profit, since the ferries pay their own way with freight revenues), the new ship is already helping to pay back her \$2,800,000 investment.

An average car ferry carries a crew of from 35 to 40 men. There are Frenchmen, Englishmen, Germans, and Mexicans, Poles and Negroes—but predominant are Swedes and Norwegians from "Minn-e-zota" and "Wizgonzin." Most of them have ancestors in Norway or Sweden who were seamen long ago, and they have stuck to the trade.

On the whole, the crew members are ordinary guys with jobs and sweet-hearts and families. Aboard ship they work, eat, sleep and play cards. The favorite game is pinochle. Ashore they generally go home, for the majority of the men are a settled lot, satisfied with their jobs which average from \$100 (cabin boy) to \$250 per month.

As Captain Martin of the *City of Milwaukee*, a Grand Trunk car ferry said: "Long ago we had wooden ships and iron men, but today we have iron ships and wooden men. Probably it's a matter of progress more than anything else. There are new navigation methods that require constant

study and there are new machines that have eliminated the muscle work—that take more brain than brawn to run them. Therefore, our men today must be keener and more eager to learn. They haven't time to raise hell and get toughened up like the oldsters did."

The captain of a car ferry gets about \$5,000 per year plus, of course, his meals. He and the mates are the only men aboard who wear uniforms. The rest you will find wearing anything from a suede jacket with khaki trousers, on down to the man in the engine room who wears long woolen underwear (to absorb the sweat) and a pair of ordinary overalls.

One thing the crew never complains about is food. Car ferries, even among the summer tourists, are famous for their cuisine. They get the choicest meats right from the packing houses in Chicago; the freshest fruits and vegetables from Michigan orchards and farms; the best Wisconsin butter, eggs, cheese and poultry. The cooks are the finest that can be hired. Ship owners really believe in the axiom that the best way to get the best work out of their men is to serve the best food.

Last fall, a cabin boy spotted a flock of ducks overhead and "banged"

away at them with his shotgun. He got two, and the ship's cook prepared them for the captain's dinner. The "Old Man" liked the duck, but gave the youngster hell for having the gun aboard. It is against regulations for crew members to carry firearms—and lakefront legend offers a dramatic reason:

The story goes that the gun play of a bootleggers' feud aboard the *City of Milwaukee* sent her and 52 men to a watery grave back in 1929.

It was at a time when the alcohol barons were at the peak of their regime. Big Joe Lonardo's gunmen were mopping up a fortune in Cleveland and Al Capone was boss of Chicago's bootleg ring. It was a profitable trade for both until Capone whiskey overflowed into Cleveland and started a bloody gang war. After weeks of killings and desperate search to find the "leak," the Cleveland gangsters learned the stuff was coming in by freight car from Michigan after being shipped across the lake by car ferry.

Five gunmen led by Larry Lupo, chief Lonardo trigger man, boarded the car ferry *City of Milwaukee* which reportedly had a cargo of Capone whiskey labeled "Green Peas" bound for Cleveland. Naturally, the ship's owners were in the dark as to the real nature of the shipment, assuming it was a legitimate shipment of canned goods. But when the steamer was half-way across, the gunmen smashed her radio, held up her officers and members of the crew, and began dumping the whiskey overboard.

To simplify things, they opened

the giant seagates in the stern and shoved the big boxcars overboard, unwisely smashing the ship's twin propellers and rendering her helpless to fight a terrific gale that came up a few hours later and sent her to the bottom.

STRANGELY ENOUGH, part of the car ferry's crew is always ashore and never goes aboard the ship for a trip across. For every ship there is a yard crew whose job it is to unload and switch the freight cars when the ship docks. Generally there are five in the crew, an engineer and fireman, who run an ordinary freight engine that pushes cars on and pulls them off; a yard foreman and two helpers. Actually, they are railroad men assigned to the crew of a boat.

Watching one of the big car ferries load and unload is a fascinating experience. When the car ferry prepares to dock, her big seagate which stretches across the entire stern of the ship opens, and she looks like a giant whale with its mouth open after gobbling up a string of freight cars. She backs into a small specially prepared slip that is only as wide as the breadth of the ship's stern. This is an intricate maneuver for such a big ship and is made possible only because of her twin-screws (propellers) which operate in opposite directions, thus helping to steer the boat. Her deck is level with the dock and the regulation size railroad tracks on ship interlock themselves with corresponding tracks on the dock, securing the ship.

The belly of the big car ferry, where

the trains are kept, resembles a round-house one finds in the average city. Actually it is a floating freightyard. The cars are close together and there is just enough room for a person to walk between them sideways. When the loading is in process there is noise and activity, but when the ship is out to sea it is dark and lonely here. A watchman who inspects the cars comes around every hour to see that they are properly fastened. During the summer, he often finds a tramp or stow-away inside one of the box cars.

Three years ago on a crossing, one of the cars got loose when the waves rolled the ship, and banged treacherously against the big seagate, threatening to sink her. The crew labored for hours piling part of a shipment of pig iron around the car's wheels until it couldn't move and then they secured it with jacks properly.

It is of constant wonder to those who know the Great Lakes that more cars don't get loose when the waters start kicking up. The lakes, fresh-water sailors claim, are more dangerous than oceans. They say that the waves on the Great Lakes are more choppy—that small waves tend to break at different parts of the ship all at once with a tendency to tear the ship to pieces.

Unlike the ocean liner that is met several miles outside the port and escorted through the shallow channels by a small pilot tug, lake ships have their own pilots aboard to guide them into port. Veteran seaman of three years experience before he can become helmsman, the Great Lakes pi-

lot steers his craft through fog, storm or darkness, and hits the 140-foot entrance between breakwaters of a harbor right on the nose.

All of the car ferries and many of the other Great Lakes ships are equipped with Sperry gyro-compasses to guide them on their courses since the large ore deposits in the bottom of the lakes disrupt the magnetic compass. Moreover, there are ship-to-shore radio-phone communications and many radio beacon stations.

DESPITE ALL OF this, though, it is sometimes difficult to get a big car ferry into port. Probably of all the ports, Milwaukee presents the most difficult problem. Here the ferries dock along the Milwaukee River.

The craft steam into the river bow-first from the big harbor through a turntable bridge with only inches to spare, past a large grain elevator to a spot along the river that is beyond the docking point. Here a cable is thrown ashore and the ship secured to a pier by it. Then a small winch motor aboard ship pulls the large craft backwards into its slip—making possible a turn on a dime in a small river that is no wider than the ship is long.

There is so much pressure on the large steel cable that once, when it snapped, it cut the arm off a luckless crew member as neatly as an expert surgeon might have amputated it.

Fresh-water sailors, it must be noted, as typified by the car ferry crews, get their share of hair-raising adventures, too.

For instance, there was the night in

October, 1919, when the *City of Muskegon*, almost in port, was swept by a giant wave against the breakwater. Many of her passengers never got on deck—for the *Muskegon*, last of the great sidewheelers, went down that night. And it was a woman, who grabbed two children from their father's arms and leaped 25 feet to the breakwater, saving all three, who was honored as the heroine of the disaster. Later she died from exposure.

Then there is the story of the steamer *John P. Gustman* which put out from Detroit in rough weather with 50 automobiles strapped to her decks—but when she returned there were only six left. Seas so rough they almost split the ship in two, seamen said.

These could go on and on forever with each true experience enough to make the most ardent fiction reader's blood curdle. But there is a more important story now and the car ferries are the most important part of it. They are the greatest freight ships in the world. And in the course of a year any one of them travels more miles than any ship that sails the seven seas.

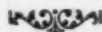
In 1939, according to the latest records available, they carried enough flour across the lake from Milwaukee to Michigan to give every soldier in our armed forces a loaf of bread every Friday for a year; enough automobiles to give every family in the city of Grand Rapids a new car; enough coal to furnish heat for every family

in Flint, Michigan for a full winter.

But the chief asset of the ferries is not how much they can carry, but how much time they save by going directly across the lake instead of going all the way around and having to lose 12 hours switching in the busy Chicago freight yards.

Latest estimates say that a carload of flour can leave Minneapolis at seven in the evening and be in New York in the morning of the fourth day, if the routing is *via* ferry, whereas it would take the ordinary freight shipment until after midnight on the fourth day to make the trip. Back in 1917 they broke all then standing records for hauling freight between Minneapolis and New York, when special ferry boats and crews massed together at Milwaukee and hauled 200 carloads of flour for Britain across the lake making connections with trains east so that the shipment got in New York in full on the morning of the fifth day. At that time it was acclaimed as "the greatest freight haul on record."

It may be necessary to do this again in face of the present war. Only this time the shipments will be five times as large to help fight an enemy five times as strong. If and when they are called upon to do such a task the car ferries and the railroads who own them will do their part—extending steel rails across the water to form a gigantic bridge of trains.



Streamlined Novel:



Mad Mission to BERLIN

by Oscar Schisgall

The Story Thus Far:

John Frazer, American-born member of the British Intelligence, R.A.F. Wing Commander Whitefell and Squadron Leader Dix pose as Nazi fliers, take off for Germany in a captured Heinkel bomber and make a "forced landing" on the estate of Dr. Reinhardt Geist, from whom they hope to seize evidence that Germany is planning to knife Italy in the back. In danger of being exposed by Fritz Kauber, member of the Geist household, John overpowers him and leaves him tied securely in the barn. Elsa Geist, lovely niece of the Nazi propagandist, meanwhile has refused to talk. As his colleagues start a hurried search of the house, John returns to the barn—to find that Kauber has been cut free! Running toward the house to warn the others, the British spy stops short as he sees a car coming.

PART III.

WITH THE Luger in his hand, John Frazer ran on among the trees. His face was as gray as his uniform. He had a brief thought that the officers and Dr. Geist had arrived in answer to a call from Kauber. But he discarded the idea. If it were true, the military men would have entered the house with drawn weapons. They hadn't.

No. Kauber's threat was still to come. At any instant. From now on, John knew, he and Whitefell and Dix must place their faith in speed. And guns. They couldn't waste time hoping wit or artifice would produce the Goebbels notes. Unless they found them within a very short time—a mat-

ter of minutes—the entire mission would collapse.

John's nerves quivered as he ran. All life seemed telescoped into the next few minutes.

He was still a hundred feet from the house when a man—the chauffeur—slid out from behind the car's steering wheel. At the sight of him, John stopped, disconcerted. The fellow wore a military uniform, with a revolver holstered at his side. For a better view of the Heinkel, he started around the front of the car; but when he reached a point from which he could look into the open door of the house, he checked himself. He was in the full glare of the headlights, and John saw him recoil; heard his low gasp.

The chauffeur's hand snapped to his holster. In the yellow light of the

car his face was strained. He lifted the weapon, aimed at the door.

John Frazer cried out in a hoarse voice. He couldn't shoot because trees rose before him like the bars of a cage. His shout, however, forestalled the chauffeur's shot, and the man swung around in alarm. When he saw a figure rushing toward him under the trees, he didn't pause to question. He shifted his aim and fired.

John flung himself behind a tree. He could hear the click of a bullet on a nearby trunk. And the Nazi was poised for another shot, watching for a target.

This time John fired. Twice.

At the second crack the soldier staggered. He lifted both hands to his chest, the fingers distended, and began to cough. Terrible coughs. They gurgled in his throat. And while he coughed, he floundered sideways against the car's fender. There his knees began to buckle, and he slithered down, still coughing, to lie on his side.

When John Frazer stepped out from among the trees, he picked up the Nazi's gun and stared at the man. There was a dull, cold sensation in his stomach. For two years he had been in the war, and this was the first time he had shot anyone. The German looked very young—a thin boy with blood on his hands and blood dribbling from his mouth.

"Frazer!" Dix's tense voice roused him. The Squadron Leader stood in the door, his hands full of Lugers—three of them taken from the officers'



John fired—twice.

holsters. "God," he whispered, "I thought maybe—you'd caught it!"

The chauffeur ceased coughing and lay quite still. John, backing away from him, felt a slight shudder. He turned quickly and followed Dix into the house.

In the drawing room Whitefell's gun menaced Dr. Geist and the three officers. All of them were pale, addled, as if they'd walked into a trap. The soldiers were men of high rank. One was saying in anger, "We are here for a conference. If you—"

John cut through his words. He spoke tersely, in English, telling Whitefell that Fritz Kauber had been cut free.

The big, yellow-haired man widened his eyes. Dix cried in hushed fury, "It's the old 'andy man must've cut 'im loose!" Under the stress of excitement he reverted to boyhood Cockney. "The blarsted old Jerry 'ad just got into the garage when we caught 'im!"

John said in a taut voice, "Kauber will have an army on our necks."

"I wish to 'ell you'd killed the man in the first place!"

Wing Commander Whitefell refused to let fear confuse him. He spoke chopply: "Dix, you keep these men covered. If they give any sign of trouble, shoot them. Frazer, search that study. I'm going to start the motors."

So Whitefell ran out, that the Heinkel might be ready for a swift take-off. Dix, now holding two Lugers,

took up a position at an open window. From there he could watch and listen for signals of danger. And John hurried to forage again in the files. He snatched out a score of sheets at a time, riffling through them as through the pages of a book; seeking the word *Italian* or *Mussolini* as a clue.

In the drawing room he could hear Dix doing his utmost to drag information out of Dr. Reinhardt Geist. Clearly the doctor knew why these British fliers were in the house; Whitefell must have told him. He said with surprising calm:

"You have been misinformed. Such Goebbels documents do not exist. It is the first I hear of them."

One of the officers added with contempt, "Hess is insane. A lunatic. The whole world knows that."

Dix ignored the man. He directed



his attention solely to Dr. Geist. "We can't waste time arguing, Herr Doktor. If you don't tell us where to find the notes, we'll—"

"The colonel is right," said Dr. Geist, imperturbable. "The notes exist only in the imagination of Rudolph Hess. You may shoot if you like. I cannot give you something I do not possess."

Outside, the Heinkel's motors roared into life. They sputtered, then settled down to a steady, powerful drone.

John Frazer went on with his frenzied search until Whitefell returned. He came into the study, breathless, his eyes glittering with the cold, hard light of diamonds.

"Anything?"

"No."

Whitefell flung out a choked, "Damn!" and went to put additional pressure on Dr. Geist.

It was hardly a minute later that John found the sheaf of letter-copies addressed to Dr. Joseph Goebbels. They covered a wide range of dates. But the second from the top, in which the mention of Italians had caught his eyes, was the one that astounded John. He took it into the drawing room, thrust it in front of Whitefell. They read the carbon copy together:

"Though I have finished five of the editorials you directed me to write, I cannot go on before again voicing my doubts. To assert Mussolini is planning to send a force through the Brenner Pass in order

to seize and occupy southwestern Austria is, I think, a serious mistake. First, it will imply that we ourselves are weak in that sector. Second, it will imply that Mussolini has a strong army which we have failed to call into play. If he has an army capable of pushing into Austria, without our consent, then why—people cannot fail to ask this—why was that army not used against our enemies on the British Front or the Russian? Why was it permitted to idle in Italy?"

There was more but, when he had read this much, Whitefell looked around the room with desperate eyes, as if to say, "The notes are here! But where? Where?"

And John Frazer shared his despair. If only they had more time, he thought. A few hours. A single hour. But outside the motors of the Heinkel were droning their warning that time was short. John mentally cursed Kauber—and cursed himself for having made it possible for Kauber to get away. His jaws were rocky lumps as he glared at the paper.

Whitefell rattled the letter under Dr. Geist's vandyke. "What about *this*?" he demanded.

Dr. Geist glanced at the paper. Then his eyes darted from one officer to another. When he looked back at Whitefell, his poise was unshaken.

"You can make what you like of it," he said. "I can tell you nothing."

"Where are the editorials?"

"I have nothing to say."

"Dr. Geist—" Whitefell seized the

doctor's jacket at the chest, twisted it in a powerful hand. "If you don't talk, by heaven, I swear I'll—"

"I have nothing to say."

John went to Whitefell with sudden determination. He said, "Let me have that letter. Have you the key to the wine cellar? I'm going to try the girl."

He left the drawing room without another glance at the officers or Dr. Geist. Stairs led down from a small pantry beyond the kitchen; a single bulb illuminated the cellar, diffusing a dim yellow light. As he descended, he kept thinking: *If only we had more time—just one hour . . .* and the hopelessness of the thought filled him with agony.

With the Luger in one hand, he unlocked the wine cellar's door. He looked into a chamber lined with bottles. Elsa Geist stood rigid, facing him. Behind her the servants and the

old handy man regarded him with terror, as if he'd aimed to shoot.

"Come out, fraulein. You alone."

John spoke sharply. The girl glanced at the Luger, then slowly obeyed. In the door she paused. Her face was only a few inches from his, and he looked straight down into her eyes. Gray eyes, clear and unafraid. Even defiant.

"You recognize this, fraulein?"

He thrust the letter into her hand. While she looked at it, John locked the door on the servants.

She kept her voice steady. "Also?"

"Your uncle is home. In spite of this letter, he insists he wrote no editorials. We have very little time. My friends have warned him that if he doesn't give us the editorials and the Goebbels notes he'll be shot. He seems to prefer to be shot. As a last resort I've come to you. I think you will want to see him live. He *will* live



She might yet be induced to talk.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN R. FISCHETTI

—if you tell me where to find the notes!"

She did not at once answer. In the stillness the drone of the plane seemed louder than ever.

At last she said, "Let me see my uncle."

John's heart seemed to bound. This was not a refusal. She might yet be induced to talk, if she could be convinced Dr. Geist would die as a result of her silence.

"Come," John said.

He was behind her on the stairs. He remained behind her, holding the Luger, while they crossed the kitchen and went through a hall into the drawing room. When she saw the army officers, she faltered. This, it was clear, was something she hadn't anticipated. But aside from being star-

tled, she gave them no further attention. She looked straight at Dr. Reinhardt Geist.

And then she spoke—but what she said brought John Frazer a flood of dismay. It bewildered Dix and Whitefell, too. Even the officers. For Elsa Geist spoke in a language none of them could understand.

"Stop that!" John interrupted. "Speak German!"

She ignored him. It was as if he hadn't spoken at all. She went on in the strange tongue; and Dr. Geist's reply came in the same incomprehensible language.

Then the doctor, using German, turned to John. "Since you have found that letter," he said, "it is stupid for me to deny I have written the editorials. I did. But I no longer have them in the house. Nor the Goebbels memoranda. I have sent them all to Berlin."

John said harshly, "I don't believe it."

"My niece can prove it, if you insist. Upstairs, in my bedroom, there is a small wall safe. In it I have a letter from Goebbels, acknowledging the receipt of the editorials and the notes. If you care to go upstairs with my niece, she will open the safe. You may see the letter for yourself."

John looked at the girl. "All right," he snapped. "Let's go."

As he followed her out of the room, he had a torturing sense of disappointment. Was the doctor telling the truth now? Were the notes gone, out



The big man stared up into the skies.

of reach? Had the flight been made too late, then?

He was half way up the stairs when he heard sounds that halted him. They sapped the color from his face.

The steady roar of planes—many planes. The Heinkel's motors had overwhelmed the sounds until they were quite near. Now they seemed to be circling the house.

He saw Whitefell dash out of the door. The big man stood outside, staring into the skies. His lips parted as if he wanted to cry out in rage. As John watched him, Whitefell lowered his eyes to look narrowly toward the road. And then he gasped—a gasp audible in spite of the planes.

"Dix!" he shouted. "Frazer! Come on! Come on!"

John Frazer shot a wild glance at Elsa Geist. Then he leaped down the stairs. At the bottom he all but collided with Dix. They rushed out together. Whitefell was already racing toward the Heinkel. John glanced toward the road. The headlights of the car were like spotlights illuminating uniformed figures that rushed across the grounds. They were still some three hundred yards away, and dim; but there seemed to be more than fifty of them, and they carried rifles. They came without formation, like a mob. This was the result of Kauber's escape. . . .

John and Squadron Leader Dix dashed toward the Heinkel. Behind them rifles began to crack. Ahead they could see Whitefell leap into



the plane. He would be ready to take off the instant they climbed into its door.

As he ran, with sweat breaking from his whole body, John Frazer had a demoralizing sense of defeat, of futility. Here was the end of their flight, and the end was disaster. Overhead Nazi planes circled like birds of prey, ready to send the Heinkel crashing if it tried to escape. And behind them the rifles cracked louder through the din of motors.

He and Dix were only twenty yards from the plane now. Whitefell, already in the cockpit, looked down at them. He began to race the motors. He was ready to go—

And then Squadron Leader Dix stumbled. He lifted his head, groaned. He reeled a few steps farther, and John seized his arm. But Dix went down with a bullet in his back.

John Frazer's face became gray and congested as he bent over the man. He got his arms under Dix. The

door of the plane was only five yards away. He began to pull.

"Go on," Dix gasped. "Go on!"

"I can get you in."

"No. I'm done for! Go on!"

John looked back in the darkness. The nearest of the troops was still a hundred and fifty yards away. He had a few seconds left—if he himself wasn't shot.

"Go on!" Dix pleaded.

With a tremendous heave, John picked him up, staggered with him toward the open door. He heard bullets clang on the fuselage. But he was too tense to be terrified. He reached the door and pushed Dix into the plane as he might have shoved in a heavy bag. The hurricane from the propellers tore at his clothes as he concentrated on getting Dix in.

Then, as he hoisted himself up, a shock went through him. It wasn't the sting of a bullet, yet—a hand was seizing his arm. . . .

He was too late. With a furious impulse to bash a fist into the face behind him, John whirled about.

He didn't use the fist. In a stupor he looked into the white features of Elsa Geist. Her hair streamed in the wind. She was breathing in gasps.

"Get in!" she cried. "Get in! I'm going with you!"

"What—"

"Pull me up! Quick!"

Her eyes held panic. She was trying desperately to clamber into the door. In the gale of the propellers, her skirt flapped; the wind threatened

to blow her away. She clung to John's arm as if she were drowning.

A bullet rang on the door. Inside the plane, Whitefell yelled, "For God's sake, get in! Get in there!"

John Frazer could have shoved the girl away and slammed the door shut. He didn't. He grasped her arms and pulled her up into the Heinkel. As he flung his weight against the door, he waved to Whitefell.

The plane started with a deafening roar of motors. It launched itself across the lawn, straight toward the onrushing troops. They scattered.

Breathless on the catwalk, John Frazer straddled the figure of Squadron Leader Dix and looked at Elsa Geist with stunned eyes. He didn't know whether it was the result of wind or emotion, but the girl's face was streaked by tears. When the Heinkel took off, skimming tree tops, he was scarcely aware of it. Intent on Elsa, he asked in a hoarse voice:

"Why did you come?"

She said, "We—we can't talk now! There are planes up there. Get to your guns!"

Guns. That was good. It was almost funny. He turned baffled eyes toward the bubble. In a moment the Germans would be raking the Heinkel with their bullets. And John Frazer had never in his life put a hand on a battery of aerial machine guns.

NEXT MONTH: In the concluding installment, Elsa clears up the mystery of the Geist household, and John Frazer learns a thing or two about aerial warfare.

Not of Our Species



Whether or not they possess a sixth sense, animals can still amaze the men who mastered them, as these well-authenticated stories show

• • • One morning F. Dunlop of Didsbury, Canada, found a flock of cliff swallows in a state of great excitement. Investigation revealed that a house sparrow had taken possession of a swallow's nest. For some time the rightful owners of the nest tried in vain to dislodge the intruder, then departed with the remainder of the flock of swallows who had been watching from some distance.

In a few minutes the swallows returned, and, one at a time, dived at the nest. As each passed the entrance, he deposited a pellet of clay carried in his bill. The clay was the same material of which the nest was made, and adhered firmly to the nest entrance.

With grim tenacity, the sparrow refused to leave; and with equally grim patience, the swallows slowly closed the door of his escape. The pair of swallows who had been de-

prived of their home began to build a new one, while the sparrow was left in a living tomb.



• • • For twenty quiet years, Ethel, a Tibetan camel at the Colorado Springs zoo, listened to the pleasant clear tones of an ancient bell which hung around her neck. The bell had been cast in a Tibetan monastery.

In the fall of 1940, when the bell was accidentally broken, Ethel went on a hunger strike.

In desperation, zoo officials called an artisan who attempted to duplicate the sound of the broken bell. Twice he fashioned a model, and twice Ethel was displeased with it. At last, when zoo officials had given up hope, and Ethel seemed bent on suicide, a third bell met with her

approval. Moreover, tests showed it to have exactly the same tone as the broken one.



• • • Herbert G. Ponting once spotted a school of eight killer whales playing in a bit of open water between ice floes. Suddenly all eight dived. Ponting grabbed his camera and started across the floe, expecting to be at a point of vantage when the whales rose to the surface.

At a spot some distance from his ship, the ice suddenly was broken behind him, and he was left floating on an isolated block. The whales had maneuvered under the ice, had come to the surface in unison and caught Ponting in as neat a trap as ever was devised by human brains. Only a chance current saved him.



• • • Mrs. C. D. Fonda of Richmond, Virginia, claimed that her horse, a black and white filly named Lady, could be controlled by telepathy. In 1928, Dr. J. B. Rhine, conductor of the experiments in telepathy at Duke University, investigated the case.

Under the control of Dr. Rhine and Psychologist Dr. William McDougall, Lady followed directions given mentally by any member of the group. She picked out numbers and letters by pointing with her nose to child's

alphabetical blocks which were placed on a small table before her. The test conditions were steadily tightened until at last Lady's mistress was entirely absent from the room, and a screen was placed between the horse and the person seeking to give telepathic directions. Finally, Lady was blindfolded.

Still the horse's success in following mental orders was immeasurably above chance. Dr. Rhine could find no hole in the evidence.



• • • Chiquita, a female shepherd dog who lived in Los Angeles, for years had as her constant playmate another female named Wimpy. Eventually Wimpy had puppies and would no longer play with Chiquita.

After she had been repulsed several times, Chiquita left Wimpy and began collecting a strange assortment of objects. She carried to her kennel a stuffed toy dog, a little blue teddy bear, and a pair of rubber galoshes. This weird assortment she tenderly mothered.

Those objects were not puppies. They were not even identical. They were not alive. They were only symbols—and man alone is supposed to use symbols.

*Photos in I Cover the Newsfront
through courtesy of Three Lions*

Picture Story:

I Cover the Newsfront

by WEEGEE

CYNICS have it that Arthur "Weegee" Fellig looks like a 40-year-old dead-end kid—lives like a one-man third-of-a-nation, ill-housed, ill-fed and ill-treated. But not even cynics will deny his rainbow personality and his camera wizardry—as exemplified in the 16 pages of Weegee photos and comments which follow.

Weegee started in his profession some 20 years ago as a darkroom assistant. Today he still works mostly in the dark—setting out each midnight on an all night auto cruise in search of dramatic camera subjects.

Thanks to a police car radio (he's the only camera man in New York who has one) and a self-confessed "psychic sense," Weegee finds them often enough to earn about \$100 weekly (from 50 pictures). Often he's at the scene before the police—his secret ambition is to snap a holdup in progress. He probably will, too.

Oh yes—about Weegee's name. It was bestowed on him some time ago by kidding reporters who doubted his "psychic sense." It's taken from the then popular game of Ouija, of course.

But now let Weegee carry on . . .



I guess you'd call this "Weegee's Crime Studio." Seventeen bucks a month and right in back of police headquarters. One of the radios is a police radio—it goes even when I sleep. I took this self-portrait by remote control. See the bulb in my hand?



Following a tip from my police radio, I ran onto this outside a delicatessen near Radio City. It was midnight, Saturday, and the cops had caught this fellow red-handed holding it up. There was a scuffle, a shot—and there's your holdup man, stone dead.



When I go to Coney Island, I never shoot the big crowds and fat ladies. Instead, I just wander around, looking. I caught this one of a girl who had ripped her pants. Her mother was sewing her up, and I thought it looked very natural. So I took it.



A call came through at midnight: "Five girls have run away from a home in the West 20's." The cops finally found them—some in stocking feet. I felt sorry for them—they were so young. And yet they looked like they'd lived their whole lives.



At Met openings, cameramen usually snap social registerites getting out of limousines, but I wanted something different. I finally caught these four frantically signaling for their chauffeurs. I call it: The Four High-Batted Hitch-hikers.



I ran into this at Ninth and 27th. A young car thief, chased by the police, had crashed into a milk wagon. The milk driver was hurt bad, so the cops got a priest out of bed to give him last rites. He lived, though. The thief wasn't even scratched.



This was an East Side tenement fire. These kids had been put into the butcher store by their mothers for safekeeping. One mother kept apologizing for their dirty faces. No time to clean up, she kept saying — too much smoke in the house.



We all like publicity. That's why police tip me off to raids like this—a swanky gambling joint with chips at \$500 and an elegant buffet supper table. I was too late for any turkey, but got this shot of "patrons" leaving after routine police questioning.



Eight a. m. Sunday was supposed to be starting time for a Harlem excursion, but too many fake tickets were sold. In the ensuing stampede at the pier, four women were trampled to death. This man left, mumbling dully: "I don't wanta go on no boatride."



I guess everyone loves a murder. This one happened in "Little Italy." While I work, people ask: is anyone dead? They seem happy when I say yes, and want to get closer. This photo shows a few of them watching while police fingerprinted the corpse.



Another Sunday morning shot - in Central Park. It was just before winter - squirrels were gathering stuff for cold weather. This fellow slept right on while I snapped him. I was tired from riding all night and wouldn't have minded joining him.



My camera is my pass to all the best places. This was the Cinderella Ball at the Waldorf—I wanted to see the Cinderellas. When I made this photo, they all screamed they'd been smoking. They were afraid their mothers would see it—so I made another.



In Columbus Circle, Bozo the Hobo was speaking to all who would listen: "All the crazy people are walking about free—while all the sane ones are locked up in asylums." The crowd was amused—except a cop who told Bozo to scram. Bozo scrambled.



This was five a. m., after an auto crashed into an "L" pillar. This girl is only 18—she was one of the kids in the car. Waiting for the ambulance, she cried wildly—but not from pain. She was scared of what her folks would say when they found out.



Crime takes a holiday Sunday mornings—so I take it easy, too. I snapped this early stroller as he stopped to admire a window display. He said he was from Poland—an unemployed dishwasher. You certainly meet a better class of unemployed on Park Ave.



Two blocks from Mayor LaGuardia's house on Fifth Avenue, I picked up this auto crash shot. Not until the film was developed did I notice the amazing reflection of the boy's face in the glass. It was a big crash, but he wasn't hurt much at all.



New Year's Eve. I was driving around Times Square when, suddenly, I got the report of a three-alarm blaze at Coney Island. I found these icied firemen trying to douse flames in a side-show building. They were much more interesting than the fire itself.



Once during a terrific snowstorm I went out in the car looking for snow pictures. At 423rd my car stalled, blocking all traffic. While horns tooted I got this shot of a girl losing her umbrella. Afterwards I called a tow truck and subcaved home.



I call this the "Crying Landlord." It was a two-alarm on the East Side. A colored janitor was burned to death; a crippled man was rescued by firemen. The landlord, who also ran a cigar store in the building, was crying because of the tragedy.



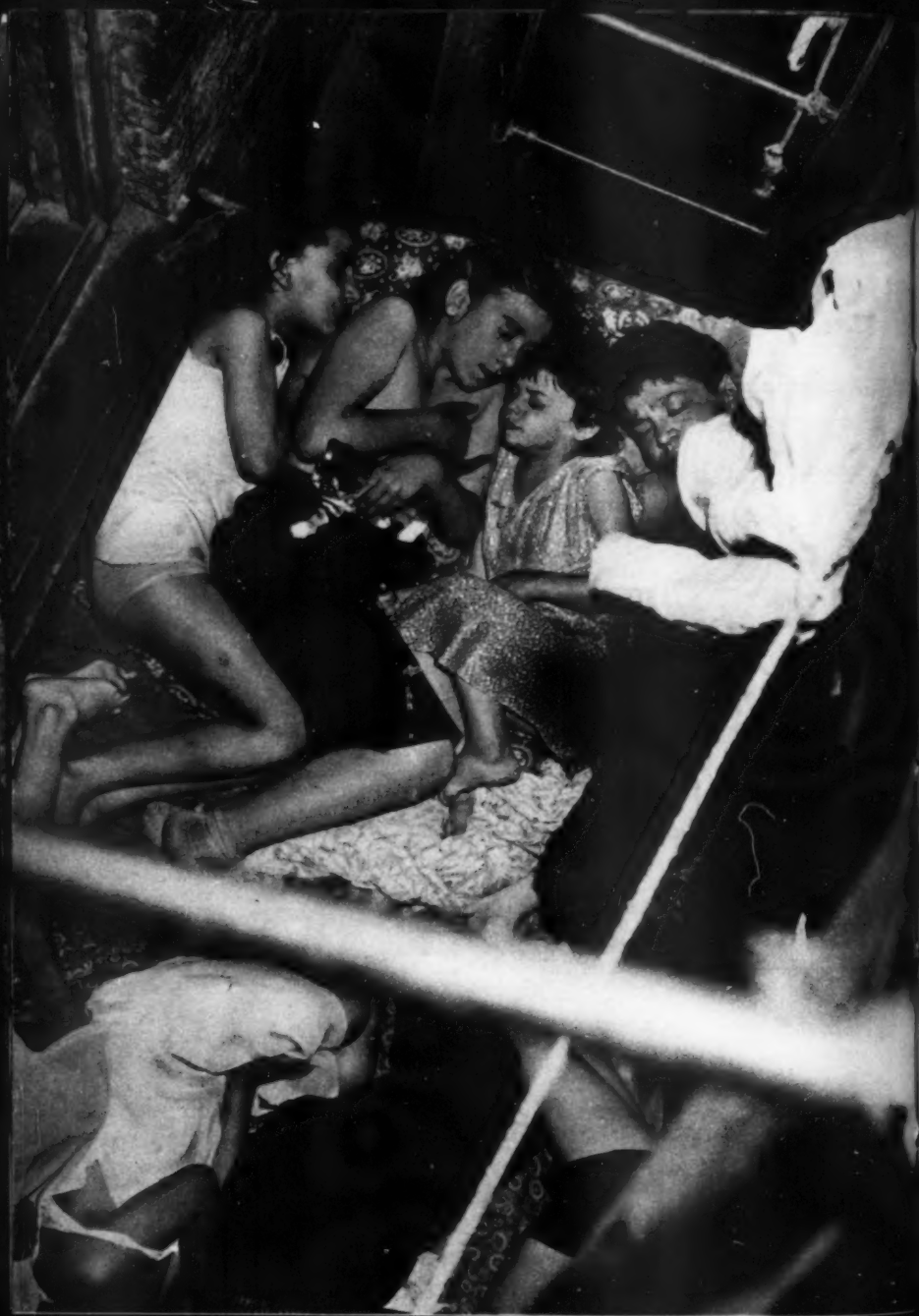
I went to Brooklyn for this baby contest mostly because I like babies. Besides, they make good pictures. As it turned out, the one on the left won first prize; the other, second prize. A moment after the picture the two started battling each other.



At an explosion in Greenwich Village, I made this shot of a boy carrying a girl out by the light of workmen's lanterns. Street lights had gone out. I thought it made a more human shot than steam escaping from broken water mains and that sort of thing.

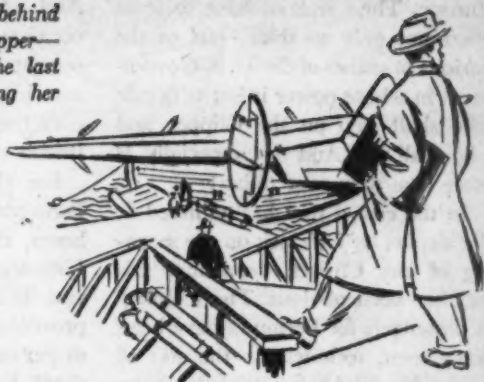


A two-alarm tenement fire in Brooklyn. A mother and daughter couldn't find their family. Actually, even as I made the picture, the others were burning to death. I tried to cheer them up by saying the missing ones would soon show up. I didn't know.



In summer I always keep an eye out for hot weather pictures. I got this one on the East Side—looking down on the fire escape. There were more children, but I couldn't get them all in. I used to sleep like this summers myself when I was a kid.

There was mystery and intrigue behind each trip of the Atlantic clipper—even before war blacked out the last shred of information concerning her



Last Clipper to Lisbon

by **GRETTA PALMER**

The Transatlantic Clipper will leave for Bermuda, the Azores and Lisbon at 8 A. M. tomorrow from the Pan-American Airways dock at LaGuardia Field. She will carry 3,800 pounds of mail in addition to 29 passengers for Bermuda and 23 for Lisbon.

THREE times weekly such an item has appeared as ship news in New York newspapers—that is, up until last Christmas. Now, of course, schedules are no longer announced. Black-out has descended over the Atlantic Clipper route. What's more, commercial cargoes are no longer carried and passengers are limited.

Mail is accepted for Lisbon, as usual, though. And the great Clipper continues to make its trips—as usual, too, except that a cloak of secrecy now shrouds her movements.

And what went on behind the brief ship news notices in the New

York papers all of last year—what still goes on, with certain important reservations now that we are at war—makes a fascinating story.

For here it is just fifteen years since Lindbergh set the world on fire by flying the Atlantic alone—yet several hundred men and women weekly have been walking up a gangplank, in Lisbon or New York, to cross the same treacherous ocean by plane!

These people are not heroes or flyers or adventurers—they are more apt to be fussy little men with briefcases, or actresses glorying in the flashlight departure. Sometimes, even, they are children, traveling alone—children whose English parents have missed them too much.

What is definitely known, however, is that whoever they are—these Clipper passengers—they all have an excellent reason for leaving America for the grim, blacked-out continent of

Europe. Their reasons have to seem good not only to them, but to the various branches of the U. S. Government in whose power it lies to decide who shall step on the Clipper and who shall not. And this, especially, is more true than ever today!

In the crowd that has gathered at the airport by 7 o'clock on the morning of any Clipper departure, this fact has been obvious. The majority of passengers for Bermuda have been Navy men, technicians—the sort of men who might be needed on an island where naval bases are built.

The Lisbon passengers make up a more varied tag—at least one diplomat, possibly a high official of one of the countries conquered by the Germans, possibly an American representative returning to his post. Also, usually, a foreign correspondent, off to gather eyewitness material for his public, and a few Canadian representatives on state business. Red Cross executives have frequently been passengers—and English actors who have been making American tours. A surprisingly high percentage of the passengers—about one-fifth—have been women.

But every Clipper crossing has also included a few men engaged in private business. A minor miracle of red tape is required to obtain their passage—U. S. passport, Portuguese visa, British visa. And acquiring these three things is no child's play.

The U. S. State Department has been issuing passports only after the most elaborate inquiry into an American's motives for going to Europe.

And while the Portuguese visa has occasioned no vast trouble to the traveler who could prove his solvency and intention of getting out of an overcrowded country quickly, the British visa has been another matter.

For although the Clipper stop at Bermuda lasts little more than two hours, the British have required all Lisbon passengers to acquire a British visa. It is impossible to sidestep this provision by saying you don't wish to get out of the plane at Bermuda, thank you. The British treasure the right of veto; they have been able, by demanding a visa, to control the passenger lists of the Clippers. It is significant that on several occasions, Clipper passengers have been detained by Bermuda authorities and not permitted to continue their flight.

BEFORE EVEN boarding the Clipper, each passenger must step up to the counter where weights are checked on scales visible only to the clerk (to spare embarrassment for overweight ladies). Few passengers ever have baggage in excess of the 77-pound limit, but airline clerks still fondly remember Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, who took 34 pieces of baggage, paying excess charges of more than \$2,000—almost five times his fare.

Next, immigration authorities examine all passports and the baggage is wheeled off to a convenient corner, where the passenger may extract from it the article he needs for the night. Toothbrush, pajamas and so forth are all put into a waterproof zipper bag for the trip. Later some woman will



complain that she forgot her mascara and cannot land without it. She will land without it, though.

With bustling preparations almost complete, passengers are asked to go into a lounge for tea or coffee. This serves to round them up, and also to calm unsteady nerves. Here the passengers examine each other curiously—here they hear the two bells signal which means the crew is to go aboard.

The Clipper crew consists of 11 men—the captain and four other pilots, two freight engineers, who can repair any of the four engines en route if necessary, two radio officers and the stewards. The stewards must speak English, Portuguese and two other languages. Some speak eight or nine.

The Clipper take-off is like any other take-off in a seaplane, except that the ship is so much bigger. It is the largest aircraft, military or commercial, in the world; it weighs 42 tons, with a floor area equal to that of an eight-room house. The Clipper's 5,400-gallon load of gasoline alone weighs more than a regulation Douglas land transport, fully loaded. What is more, new, even bigger Clippers are being built, which can make the trip to Lisbon non-stop in 12

hours and will leave for Europe six days of each week. These new giants will be two to three times the size of the present Clippers.

The Clipper already has a history and a tradition; it has successfully flown the Atlantic nearly 500 times since the service began in May, 1939. Before it began its survey flight, 86 planes had tried to cross the Atlantic, of which only 10 arrived at their predetermined destination.

The Clipper has its veterans. One young courier in the diplomatic service has made 29 crossings: he leaves LaGuardia Field one day and is back in New York three days later; two days afterwards, he starts the trip again. He no longer carries a suitcase—just a toothbrush and a briefcase.

The Clipper has made history; practically every name in the headlines had been identified with her. She has carried royalty—Princess Juliana and Archduke Otto. Titles are nothing to her—Lord Halifax traveled on her, and Lord and Lady Mountbatten, and one nobleman who distinguished himself by exhausting all the Scotch whiskey on board and sitting on the floor for the whole trip.

She has had uncomfortable mo-

ments—on one of the early trips a harmless lunatic, for whom long air flights were a hobby, tried to pay \$1,800 cash for a cup of tea and announced that he was God. She has carried a strange cargo—the Baroness de Rothschild came into America, a refugee, with \$1,000,000 worth of jewels; Schiaparelli clipped to Europe with a fortune in vitamin pills for starving French children.

Among her famous passengers have been Myron C. Taylor and Noel Coward, Ambassador Winant and Gracie Fields, Wendell Willkie and Jimmie Roosevelt, Kirsten Flagstad and Captain Molyneux, John Gunther and Ambassador Quo Tai-Chi and John Maynard Keynes and five isolationist Representatives, sent on a free junket to England by the newspaper *PM*. Bebe Daniels was a passenger, en route to a London theatrical engagement; she forgot her stage eyelashes and had them rushed over to her by the next Clipper. Count Galeazzi, envoy to the Vatican, returned to Europe with two prized cans of American coffee.

SOMETHING of the glamor of the Clipper gets through to the least imaginative of her passengers during the trip. Most yield to a frank curiosity and investigate the lounge, where one must go to smoke, and the large dressing rooms where they will change for the night. At eleven o'clock they are told that they are half-way to Bermuda and that a buffet lunch is ready in the lounge.

Those who wish may order cock-

tails first, although the line discourages this practice by reminding passengers that the altitude may decrease their capacity.

Three-quarters of an hour out of Bermuda the steward turns on lights and pulls down all shades: no one, of any nationality, is permitted to look down on the naval construction of Bermuda. The engine slows, and there is the slap of water on the ship.

After a five minute taxi the plane comes to a stop, the door opens and a Bermuda official, in white ducks, gets aboard. All passengers are given an envelope into which their papers, personal and business, must be sealed. Then they are allowed to walk ashore.

Half-way up the gangplank, they notice a soldier in kilts, standing at attention with a naked bayonet. He is a sobering sight, and is probably placed there for that purpose.

When passengers enter the airport, they are seated in stiff rows of chairs and are sent for, one by one, as their names are called out in English accent through the loud speaker. It is an exceedingly solemn ritual; although most of the passengers have nothing worse to fear than a baggage examination, strange things have happened here. And most of them know, by now, of the passengers who have left the clipper at Bermuda and were never heard from again.

When the examination is over, passengers are shown into a refreshment room where they may order lemon squash and tea. They are allowed to go out of doors and to make the discovery that this is not the part of

Bermuda they used to visit. If they are energetic enough, they may take a swim.

After about two hours the loud-speaker announces the departure of the plane. The passengers who troop back to the ship do so with the air of veterans—they are ready for the real adventure now.

Beyond Bermuda they begin to look for convoys—and always fail to find them. It is not long before they announce their suspicion that the Captain is deliberately cheating them of the pleasure of spotting such craft.

In this, they are absolutely right. Moreover, all ships immediately change their course today when they spot the Clipper: they are suspicious

of all airplanes and hope to keep their course and destination secret.

Passengers are usually surprised to learn that on the Clipper things are measured in knots and kilos instead of miles per hour and pounds, and that she flies without a beam, on a course worked out by navigation. They are also amazed to discover that she carries an average of 100,000 letters per trip and that all letters not addressed to the British Isles are taken off at Bermuda by the British censors and are replaced with the lot they have already read.

There are many good Clipper stories—true ones. For instance there was the man who wanted to charter

her, when war was declared, to bring back all the "great minds" of Europe, at his own expense; or the other wealthy man who asked if he could charter her to rescue all pedigreed dogs from the nations at war; or the group of Long Islanders who wished her to fly them down to South America to watch the Graf Spee battle from the air. (None of these requests were granted.)

The passengers are called to dinner at 6:30. Small tables have been set up in the Lounge and there is a Cap-

tain's table to which two or three celebrities are asked. But even at the Captain's table, no one dresses for dinner, and there is no flowered centerpiece. Shortly after

dinner, most of the passengers go to bed, for this is a very short night for them. Berths, in two tiers, are made up very much like those in a Pullman, with ladders for the upper berths.

At about 2 o'clock in the morning New York time, six o'clock Azores time, the passengers are awakened and given black coffee and a bun. Sleepy-eyed, they hand over their passports to the stewards and step into the large launch which takes them to the Azores mainland.

They are taken, in utterly disreputable taxicabs, to the Pan-American staff house at the top of the hill where they breakfast in an atmosphere of chrysanthemums and hy-

In the April issue . . .

You'll find a submarine, a blonde, and a radio set, all operating off the Java coast in *Coronet's* serial, *Cardinal Rock*. Start it in April!

drangeas, bright about the garden. They stretch their legs, play ping pong if they wish, stroll about the island and return by the same taxis.

A few hours later and they are flying up the Tagus River, past the Portuguese summer resorts and approaching the longest airline dock in the world. In the customs' shed the officials, war or no war, retain their passionate interest in the number of cigarets each passenger has brought.

And from that point on the passengers go towards very different fates. Most of them will be driven out to the Palacio Hotel at Estorial, where jewelled refugees fill the gambling casinos and the beaches. Others try, at once, to get onto a plane for England or the Continental cities.

Lisbon is a charming capital, but nearly everyone has been trying to get out of it. There have been thousands of French, Dutch, Polish, Belgian and German refugees who have waited months for their entry permits to America or for their British visas for Bermuda—who are probably still waiting. And the Lisbon-to-London bottleneck is nearly as bad.

For the British have taken over a Dutch airline, which leaves from Lisbon's Cintra airport for "somewhere in England" and firm priorities have been established on its 20-odd seats. There are persons of prominence who have been waiting four months in Lisbon for seats on this plane to England. There was one Englishwoman, completely acceptable to the authorities of her country, who went from New York to Lisbon on the

Clipper, waited three months for a seat to London, and came back to America by Clipper in despair. Sometimes such London-bound passengers finally dare take a coast-wise ship to England, a very perilous voyage through mines and submarines.

Cintra Airport itself, its gate guarded by a Portuguese soldier who takes cameras away from those brash enough to carry them, is one of the most remarkable sights in the world—planes bound for the capitals of warring countries drawn up on the same field, while passengers fighting on opposite sides of the war, drink at adjoining tables in the small bar. The Cintra Airport will no doubt be prominently mentioned when we learn, some day, how the British and Axis emissaries met to decide on the exchange of prisoners.

But Portugal and the trip from Lisbon to the warring countries is another story. The Clipper itself is made ready for the return trip—her larder stocked, her mail loaded. Twenty persons or so, out of the teeming thousands stranded in Lisbon, can return on her to America.

That is what has been going on three times weekly aboard the Clipper—up until Christmas, that is. And three days after her departure, New York papers would carry another item: "The Transatlantic Clipper arrived this afternoon carrying 21 passengers from Lisbon and 27 from Bermuda, and 3,900 pounds of mail."

Today, of course, we can only guess how much of this drama is being repeated behind a veil of secrecy.

The author of *Life Begins at Forty* offers this bore-proof formula, guaranteed to keep users loaded with vitamin F (for Fun)



Enough Is Too Much

by WALTER PITKIN

HOW TO GET a kick out of things? These secrets I am about to disclose are addressed to all readers between Da-da and Dodo; say between ten and eighty years. I am moved to disclose them because of the strange remarks people have been making to me lately.

Said one: "Here you are in your mid-sixties and laughing like sixty! I see nothing to laugh at."

Said a second: "I can't understand a man who gets so much fun out of life while the world is crumbling and millions of people are dying, starving, suffering."

Said a third: "You suffer from retarded development. Only a backward child could get such a kick out of trifles."

Said a fourth: "You're younger at sixty-three than you were at forty. Tell me, what's the secret?"

To get a kick out of things, you must have three assets: tough ancestors, a sound philosophy of life, ingenious techniques. Luck gave me the first. Years of pondering gave me the second. More years of persistent practice gave me the third. So there you are, and here I am, ready to pass on to you the findings of 40 years' experience in getting a kick out of things.

How oddly we twist our words in talking about this matter! We say, "I got a great kick out of that fishing trip." Language thus suggests that the trip kicked the fisherman. Maybe it did. But that isn't what makes the trip so much fun. The fun comes from the kick-back, from the bounce.

The mark of this bounce is, "Oh, Gosh!" or "Wow!" or "Let's do it again!" Whenever you hear somebody saying such things, you know he's getting a kick-back out of the

kick that something has given him.

Our language would be more precise, were we to say, "How hard I bounced when I caught that big black bass!" For bounce is the essence of keen living. To call it a kick is to misrepresent it.

Throw a new tennis ball against a wall. How it bounces! Throw an old ball. It hasn't nearly so much bounce. Throw a handful of putty. It flattens out against the wall and sticks there. Throw a bottle. It shatters into a thousand pieces. Well, the new ball is the man of zestful living. The old ball is the ordinary middle-aged fellow. The putty is the utterly devitalized person, no matter what his age. The bottle is the nervous wreck.

How can you remain a new tennis ball? Don't ask me for magic. I have none. Nothing stays wholly new with use. All tennis balls wear out. So do all people. But some of us bounce nearly as well after 40 years of banging against walls and sidewalks and courts. How do we manage it?

Well, if I had to answer with a single statement, I'd say that the most important principle is this: "ENOUGH IS TOO MUCH." You apply this principle best whenever you cheat your appetites a little; whenever you halt before you are quite satisfied; whenever you do anything somewhat less than your impulses urge you to do.

This is not the ancient rule of the Golden Mean. It is vastly subtler. That's why so few people have mastered it. It is a psychological formula carried out to the fifth decimal place, not a mere adage of worldly wisdom.

It doesn't fit the needs of the very young, the very old, and the sickly. It serves normal folks best. Don't forget this, please. I certainly wouldn't want to be misunderstood.

THE ZESTFUL life is one of continual shortages and dissatisfactions. It is the discontent that is divine. We get a kick out of things only insofar as we lack something. The lack must be most precise both in kind and in amount. Most lacks will not do.

When are our senses keenest? When they have been deprived of a certain amount and kind of stimulus. When does your eye see best? After sleep, or after an hour in a dark room. When do you enjoy food most? Why, after you've been without food for some time. And so it is with every other human activity involving stimuli and reactions.

It is bounce that keens the eye. Energy stores up in the retina while all lights are withdrawn. At the first flash, these energies explode; the result is keen sensing. Now we begin to guess the secret of bounce; and we get a first insight into the mystery that "ENOUGH IS TOO MUCH."

The more we have of anything, the less we think about it; the less we feel about it, and the less we do about it. Ever observe how food ruins your appetite? Well, when the appetite goes, you think little of food. If you own a river, you may give away water by the barrel and never dream of fixing a cash price for it. If you are dying in the Sahara, you may gladly pay a thousand dollars for a dipper of that

same water. How well we know this truth! How feebly we apply it!

To bounce through life, ALWAYS MAINTAIN A MARGIN OF DISCONTENT SUFFICIENT TO KEEP ALL CRAVINGS ALIVE.

Always stop eating while a little hungry. What a miracle this simple rule has worked in my own life! A doctor once diagnosed my ailments wrongly and put me on a famine diet. I thank him for his blunder. He made me realize the blessings of hunger. I learned that I got the biggest kick out of two hearty meals a day. I eat as much in these two as I used to eat in three. I omit dinner. It took me months to learn to sleep peacefully up to breakfast. But the effort was worthwhile:

Now I rush at my breakfast with the roar of a famished lion. I tear through fruit, eggs, pancakes, fish, steak, or what have you? The joy is roughly worth a hundred dollars a day. It repeats at a very late lunch. Total, \$200 a day—\$1,022,000 in the last fourteen years. A handsome profit.

SLEEP A FEW minutes less than you want to. But fit the rule to yourself cautiously. Sleep is a tricky thing. After two years of testing myself, I found — among other things — that sleeping even one hour longer than necessary stupefied me all day long and sometimes also made me surly; whereas sleeping half an hour less than I wanted to, toned me up. I've always craved eight full hours of sleep. But I thrive on seven and a half hours; so I always stick to this amount:

Always give in to your emotions a little, but never all the way. That is, don't grow as angry over a bad mess as you'd like to. A small safety valve can relieve the pressure on a big boiler. One mad snort will frequently suffice.

This technique has two advantages. First, it saves much energy. Most of the horsepower men use up in rage serves no useful purpose. Keep it for some hard job. You'll need it. Secondly, an emotion is the first stage of a behavior pattern. Anger may move you toward hitting a fellow on the nose or calling the police. But if you check it early, this frustrated craving may start you thinking about better ways of handling the situation. Normally, the longer you delay action and ponder, the better your final plan is likely to be.

Nowhere has this been plainer than in the reactions of people in the con-

Walter B. Pitkin—in case you don't already know—is the man who told the world that Life Begins at Forty. Incidentally, Pitkin is one of those rare beings—a man who lives by his own teachings and,

moreover, is a walking advertisement for them. His career began at six, when he picked strawberries at a penny a box. Some years later he read through a complete set of the Encyclopedia Britannica, wound up as its American editor, resigned when dullness threatened. He was a teacher of philosophy and journalism at Columbia University, and was careful never to stay with any one subject to the point of boredom. At 64 he is enjoying life more than ever, believes it is everyone's patriotic duty to get a kick out of things. Whether you are making pies or tanks, goes the Pitkin creed, you will, if you are mentally alert, keep thinking of ways to improve what you are doing.



quered countries to the Nazis who conquered them. Foolish folks blow up, throw stones, hit officers. Result? Jail and fines. But shrewd citizens say nothing and go their way. In private, they blow off just enough steam to forestall apoplexy. Then they divert the immense energies of rage to their brains, and plan the defeat of the invaders. Out of such procedure has arisen the vast, dark underground world of men and women who wreck telephone lines, burn warehouses, push Nazis into dark canals, steal official documents and generally upset all enemy schemes.

ENOUGH IS TOO MUCH. Keep yourself in a state of permanent dissatisfaction over your emotional outbursts.

Always shorten your idle time to the point at which you crave a little more leisure. In the long run, enough loafing is much too much; it may even prove more dangerous than too much hard work—which seldom kills anybody. For the invisible machinery of habits cannot stand idle for long, without serious injury. Beware particularly of long vacations. The safe rule is to take many vacations, all short. This is the chief argument in favor of a five-day working week of six hours a day.

Always play somewhat less than you want to. Never start a second round of golf just because you won the first and still feel fresh. Stop! Take a shower, dress, then leave the clubhouse sighing for more golf.

Enough play is nearly always too much. Every child tends to play too

much. He wants to go on playing until wholly satiated with the game or sport. As a result, thousands of youngsters suffer horribly from mental, physical and emotional exhaustion caused by dancing, hiking, singing, swimming and reading.

There is a vicious circle of excitement in many young people's enjoyment of pleasures. Dancing half an hour fails to exhaust the vigorous youth; he feels the need for another hour or two of it, and so, after four hours, he suddenly collapses. Then he learns that what he *feels* to be enough is too much. After a score of collapses, he may learn to distrust his feelings altogether. Then he is on the way to wisdom.

Always stop pleasant conversations with friends while they and you are eager to go on talking. Cut the talk off at the point which cheats everybody and causes the discontent that is divine. People must want you to come again. You must want to talk to people again.

Always stop reading an entertaining book or magazine a little before you want to stop. You know, of course, that each issue of CORONET contains about one feature a day for those who wish to spread their reading enjoyment over the entire month. Well, this is the ideal way to read a magazine. Spread it thin, and it tastes best. I know, for I've tried all methods. Time was when I'd grab the current issue, sit down and read the whole thing through at a sitting. Of course, I became satiated somewhere in the middle; not because the features were

not good, but simply because I was a glutton and was paying the price of gluttony. In time I learned to read a little at a time. That improves each article wonderfully. Try it.

Now for a special application of the principle. As you stop doing something, turn to something else which you haven't done for quite some time. *Pick up your most neglected pleasure.* You will come to it in a well rested condition of mind and body; hence you will bounce hard when you hit it. Try to have many different pleasures to which you can turn as the spirit moves. Obviously, the more you have, the bigger the kick you'll get from each one.

If you swing the circle of activities as I have been recommending, you will be in a constant discontent. True—but it will always be a mild, stimulating discontent, not a crushing frustration.

Find your own point of satiation in each and every experience; then stop

just a little before it has been reached. Learn where to stop. Let it be at the moment when you are still eager to go on, eager to eat, drink, sleep, read or talk more.

Start trying the method now. You are excited over the title of the next article in this issue of CORONET. But you've already read two articles in the past hour. Very well, put the magazine down firmly. Watch your discontent well up. Watch it stir your mind strangely. Watch the thrill you get out of the next article after this long, painful delay.

It has worked consistently for me.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

MAKING THE MOST OF YOUR PERSONALITY
by Winifred V. Richmond \$1.75

Farrar & Rinehart, New York

HOW TO FEEL BETTER AND LOOK IT
by Dr. Abbott W. Allen & Frank G. Kimball \$2.50

Duell, Sloan & Pearce, New York

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF MAKING LIFE INTERESTING
by Wendell White \$2.50

The Macmillan Company, New York



Pain In Vacuo

A CARPING critic once remarked, in a review of a book by Dumas the Younger, on a phrase which he had written—"painful emptiness which brings about moments of weakness." The critic commented: "That is indeed strange. How can an empty thing pain?"

Some months later Dumas

met the critic and inquired if he had changed his mind. "No," said the critic. "I still don't see how an empty thing can cause pain."

"I compliment you then on your health, Monsieur," said Dumas. "You evidently have never had a headache."

—ERNEST WALLIS



Running a zoo is like running a family, declares this world famous lady zoo-keeper—whose zoo was built not on a shoestring but on a string of snakes

Lady of the Tiger

by CLYDE VANDEBURG

IF EVER a Who's Who in Zoos is written, the name of Belle Benchley should head the list. Deep in the wooded canyons of San Diego's 1,400 acre Balboa Park, Belle Benchley presides over 200 acres of sub-tropical gardens populated by more than 3,000 rare and remarkable zoological specimens. Before the war it was rated as the third largest exhibit of its kind in the world and the second in variety of specimens. Today, it undoubtedly ranks as the foremost in the world.

Tucked into the southwesternmost corner of California and the United States, the city of San Diego boasts a modest population of approximately 250,000. In the year 1940, its zoo attracted almost three times its population—536,866 people.

Belle Benchley herself, Kansas-born but California-educated, got her start by taking a civil service examination. To her dismay, the first opening avail-

able after her examination was that of bookkeeper at the infant San Diego Zoo, presided over by its founder, Dr. Harry Wegeforth, known familiarly as "Doctor Harry." It wasn't quite the kind of job Belle Benchley had envisioned when she took her exam, but civil service rules required that she accept the offer.

She entered the Zoological Gardens in October of 1925, knowing a little more about bookkeeping and cost accounting than about the care and handling of wild animals. Of the latter, she knew nothing.

But she did a good job of bookkeeping—untangled the zoological accounts; kept costs more in proportion to what would seem to be needed for the care of 875 specimens. And she came to know and love the animals. In July of 1927, Belle Benchley was appointed to managership of the Zoo by a tired and grateful directorate.

As the world's first and only woman zoological manager, Belle quickly took inventory of her charges. The survey showed an alarming shortage of fur and feathers, and a fat surplus of fanged reptiles of the rattlesnake variety common to the region.

Promptly Belle Benchley decided to push to the limit the trade in local specimens which had begun when Doctor Harry startled the world with this message:

WHAT AM I OFFERED IN TRADE FOR RATTLESNAKES, SIDEWINDERS, GILA MONSTERS, SCORPIONS AND HORNED TOADS? WHAT WILL YOU SWAP FOR LIZARDS, TARANTULAS, CENTIPEDES AND CALIFORNIA QUAIL? BIRDS, REPTILES AND ANIMALS OF ALL KUNDS ARE NEEDED FOR OUR ZOO. LET'S HEAR YOUR OFFERS. WE CAN SHIP ON 24 HOURS NOTICE.

In the renewed campaign, prizes were offered to those bringing in the greatest number of reptiles. The response was miraculous. Small boys, hunters, Mission Indians, cowpunchers, desert rats and prospectors—even county prison camps—responded to the broadcast plea for reptiles.

And so the snakes poured in—red rattlers from the Indian peaks of the Incopahs; bleached rattlers and sidewinders from the hot deserts near Imperial; Western King snakes with markings like flashy yellow ties; King snakes in convict stripes and sluggish Gila Monsters with mottled hides splashed up with orange-colored alphabets. Vinagrones and tarantulas, centipedes and scorpions, added to the harvest. Belle Benchley kept tabs on the lot. In the reptile house hung a large map of San Diego county

covered with colored pins denoting the localities of all snakes collected.

Express shipments out of San Diego soon became wiggly with snakes travelling to the East, the Midwest and to Europe. Rattlesnakes were par, and trading was good. Returning trains brought shipments of animals, birds and reptiles strange to the San Diegans.

These snakes, like the proverbial shoe strings, became the trading stock upon which was developed one of the world's greatest zoological collections—an exhibit including dozens of rare varieties found at no other spot, and featuring the Martin Johnson Gorillas, first mountain gorillas to be raised in captivity.

Meanwhile, the reptile house in the San Diego zoo had become famous—especially for a huge 22-foot Indian python named Diablo, whose stellar qualities included refusal to take food. Consequently, a process known as force-feeding had to be used.

Such performances, duly announced in the daily press, brought hordes of visitors and rapidly wiped out the debt of several hundred dollars incurred in his purchase. In fact,

Clyde M. Vandeburg is important enough to be included in several reference works on America's Young Men. At 24 he was director of public relations for the San Diego Chamber of Commerce and columnist for that city's Tribune. Subsequently he headed publicity for the famed Expositions in San Diego, Texas and San Francisco. Now, at 34, he is public relations director of the Packard Motor Car Company in Detroit. Vandeburg was born in Montrose, Colo., grew up on a cattle ranch, has been dynamite salesman, prizefighter and Fuller Brush fugitive.



these bi-monthly attractions became part of the regular zoo routine.

Diablo was first fed by means of sheer man power and a long steel ramrod — a half-dozen sturdy men would catch the writhing length while others rammed home the unwelcome meal of ground meat. But after several attendants had been crushed against the walls by the monster's writhing tail, Doctor Harry came up with a new plan of attack on the hunger-striking python.

A big sausage grinder was erected in Diablo's cage, and a ten-foot section of fire hose attached to its nozzle. Again the feeding crew laid hold of the reptile to straighten out his kinks. Others inserted the feeding nozzle in his throat, while still another crew manned the sausage grinder. In this manner, twenty-five pounds of horse meat were shuttled down Diablo's throat and massaged along to his third stomach, where it was cinched in place with a strong strap.

For six years Diablo was kept alive, and Belle Benchley's zoo thereby passed the world's record for the longest survival of force-fed reptiles—

a record which had stood unsurpassed for years.

But the Zooess perceived that a well-balanced collection could not be founded upon snake trading; nor could public support be achieved through exhibitions of snake-feeding alone. True, the snake market is still a good one, but snakes for snakes is now the foundation for such trade.

The expanding San Diego zoo sought — and found — other markets. Local birds offered exchange possibilities that never had been pushed to full advantage. The exchange of seals for other specimens promised even greater returns. Then, suddenly, seals became protected on the beaches of California, and it became necessary to secure permits to capture them from Mexico.

And so Belle Benchley persuaded the Mexican government to issue the necessary papers for the capture of California sea lions on Los Coronados Islands. Elephant seals weighing more than a ton apiece, as well as sea lions for seal trainers of zoos and circus, were covered by these permits.

This seal trading, already started

by Doctor Harry, Belle Benchley expanded to its utmost, shipping California sea lions all over the world. A high point was reached when, in a single week, seals were shipped to Liverpool, Hamburg and Kobe.

OF ALL THE charges in her spreading menagerie, Belle is perhaps proudest of the pair of rare mountain gorillas captured by the explorers, Martin and Osa Johnson, in the Belgian Congo during 1930. These are the gorilla babies featured in the Johnson motion picture, "Congorilla."

It was the Johnson's greatest hope that Mbongo and Ngagi be the first of their kind ever raised in confinement—and despite offers of \$20,000.00 from one zoo and \$18,000.00 from another, the Johnsons finally gave them to Belle Benchley for a little more than \$10,000.00. Their faith in her has been more than justified.

When delivered to special quarters in the San Diego Zoo in 1931, Mbongo and Ngagi were approximately five years old, and weighed 125 and 147 pounds respectively. Today, after ten years in their San Diego home, the gorillas are approaching full maturity under the expert and personal care of Belle Benchley. Mbongo now towers over six feet and tops the scales at 618 pounds. Ngagi, leaner and more powerful of the two, is as tall, but weighs in at 587 pounds without an ounce of gorilla fat.

Just in case you've developed an interest in gorilla culture, here's a menu card for the great Ngagi and a tabulation of the food he consumes:

GORILLA MENU Monday, April 29, 1941

Oranges	-	-	-	3	lbs.
Grapefruit	-	-	-	2	lbs.
Bananas	-	-	-	10	lbs.
Carrots	-	-	-	6	lbs.
Sweet Potatoes	-	-	-	1	lb.
Apples	-	-	-	6	lbs.
Pears	-	-	-	4	lbs.
Tomatoes	-	-	-	1½	lbs.
Celery	-	-	-	2½	lbs.
Lettuce	-	-	-	3	lbs.
Bread	-	-	-	½	lb.

Total: Vegetable,
Fruit - - - 39½ lbs.
for day

Total: Vegetable,
Fruit - - - 318 lbs.
for week

TO HER OTHER vast responsibilities in the year of 1942, Belle Benchley now adds the dangerous problems arising out of war. For San Diego's teeming aircraft factories and military bases are prime Japanese bombing objectives.

Every possible arrangement has been made in preparation for the hazards of bombing and the release upon the populace of dangerous animals and poisonous reptiles. Animal shelters are of reinforced, quake-proof concrete — their steel-barred cages equipped with metal shutters for quick locking. Plate glass windows of the reptile house have wooden doors or steel shutters. In case of bombing, the Zoo personnel will place the more deadly reptiles in metal containers for storage in underground, bomb-proof shelters.

Animal men are instructed to proceed immediately to pre-arranged sta-

tions about the Zoo in case of raid or blackout, and to remain on duty until the "all clear" is sounded. The best shots among the animal men have been issued high-powered rifles and are instructed to "shoot to kill" when necessary.

In the extreme case of protracted bombings or threatened invasion, provisions have been made to destroy such dangerous animals as are readily replaceable and to remove the rarer ones to inland points of safety. First to be destroyed in case of trouble would be the colony of bears. They are most easily replaced. Cougars, lions and wolves would follow.

The gorillas, and other priceless exhibits, would be transferred inland and placed in the care of experts and private collectors. Overseas experience has already shown that zoos are as popular in war as in peacetime, and for the most part animals seem unaffected by the sound of bombing and are less subject to panic than are human beings.

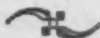
In conclusion, Belle Benchley has

some pretty sound words of advice for those who would domesticate wild animals:

"When we talk of taming animals, it is well to remember that our skin-clad forefathers were not far wrong when they confined themselves to the domestication of such mild-mannered creatures as dogs, horses, cows and chickens. Animal life is unchangeable. The years make no difference in temperaments. In war or peace, the best pet is a dog—not a tiger cub.

"Take that spoiled Panamanian Porcupine as an example. He's lonesome and frightened, and wants a woman's attention. If a woman prefers to run a zoo instead of a family she will only find her problems multiplied. If the family does not like stew they will not eat it. Neither will an elephant eat onions if onions do not please him. Jimmie must be kept clean, whether he is Jimmie Jones or Jimmie Zebra. The reptiles must have their mice, blackout or not.

"What it really boils down to is running a family."



Outwitting the Editor

A GOOD MANY young writers make the mistake of enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope, big enough for the manuscript. This is too much of a temptation to the editor.

Personally, I have found it a good scheme to not even sign my name to the story, and when I have got it sealed up in its envelope and stamped and addressed, I take it to some town where I don't live and mail it from there. The editor has no idea who wrote the story, so how can he send it back? He is in a quandary.

—RING LARDNER (*How to Write Short Stories*)

The Nine Young Men

THE GREAT war of the Supreme Court is over. The Nine Old Men have been succeeded by the Nine Young Men. The average age of the justices has fallen from a record-breaking 72 to a brisk 56. Not one of the great conservative phalanx remains.

Today the Nine Young Men are human beings. They fidget in their long black robes. They go to ball games. Most of them play a good hand of poker. They enjoy a good highball or a beer.

Most important, though, they are creating a new tradition—a tradition of the Nine Young Men. It differs from that of the Nine Old Men—but to Americans it is a tradition just as vital: the Supreme Court is still interpreter of the “supreme law of the land.”

You’ll meet each of its members in turn on the pages that follow—a program, so to speak, with “names and numbers of all players.”





Harlan Fiske Stone

Nobody in Washington tells a better Calvin Coolidge story than Harlan Stone. He ought to. He went to school at Amherst with the laconic Vermonter—was brought to the Capital by Coolidge to be Attorney General after Harding and the gaudy day of the Teapot Dome.

But Stone didn't get the signals right. He started to prosecute right and left. So the energetic Attorney General was kicked upstairs to the Supreme Court, where, within a year, the famous dissenting team of Holmes and Brandeis won its first recruit. The phrase became "Holmes, Brandeis & Stone, dissenting."

By the time the New Deal was well under way Holmes had gone. Brandeis was ageing, thus Stone, the ex-Wall Street lawyer, became the leader of the Court's liberal bloc. Naturally, when Hughes stepped down, President Roosevelt picked the sympathetic Stone as his successor.

Stone is a big man. He likes the outdoors. He spends his vacations, the long summer sabbaticals of the court, in New England and Canada. He rows, fishes and tramps the mountains. At 69 he seems to be in rugged good health, although he is the court's oldest member. Five years ago he was next to the youngest.

"The law," he believes, "is a means to an end." He says privately that if the people of the United States want to go to hell in a hack it is not the duty of the Court to stop them.

Felix Frankfurter

Felix Frankfurter is the wild card in the Supreme Court pack. Before he took his seat, he was probably the subject of more misinformation and semi-scandalous gossip than any other man in public life.

Most of this arose from Frankfurter's curious position as a Harvard law professor who held no official position and yet had a finger in every New Deal pie. Not only did he slip into the White House four or five times a month to give the President a little confidential advice — he put "Frankfurter boys" into every key department of the government.

That last activity was what got the critics hot under the collar. They called his proteges "hot dogs" or "red hots." This criticism, of course, was rubbish. Frankfurter is a bundle of energy. He gives off ideas as champagne does bubbles. He is an inveterate note-jotter-downer and telephonic. If he gets an idea, he cannot resist calling up someone and telling him about it—preferably some one half way across the continent or on a ship at sea. Second best is to dash off a hasty scrawl. Most Frankfurter letters run less than 100 or 200 words.

And, what was generally overlooked, he is by no means a radical. President Roosevelt teased him by calling him "John W. Davis." On the bench he is apt to break out with pedagogical lectures on fine points of law. Behind the scenes, however, he is a skilful and effective conciliator.



Robert Houghwout Jackson

Robert Jackson is the 24-carat New Dealer on the Supreme Court. Like Douglas and Murphy, he is also possible presidential timber. As early as 1938 FDR tried to get Bob elected Governor or Senator or something from New York State.

Jackson has not been on the Supreme Court bench long enough to make a public legal record but he supported the Roosevelt court plan. In a book published since mounting the bench he makes clear that he regards neither Court nor Constitution as sacrosanct. The cornerstone of his thinking is Charles Evans Hughes'

definition of the constitution as "what the judges say it is."

Jackson is probably the second most wealthy man on the court. He made plenty as a conservative corporation, utility and banking lawyer in western New York before coming to Washington in 1934. His remunerative practice was testimony to his ability, particularly as a lone Democrat in an upstate Republican wilderness.

No man has yet used the Supreme Court as a springboard to the White House. But Jackson is young, ambitious and precedent-breaking. You can't keep a man from dreaming.



Frank Murphy

Frank Murphy is another man who sits restless on the high bench.

He is an austere and almost painfully soul-searching man. But during his regime as Attorney General he came to enjoy trips to New York night clubs as much as his rival G-Man, J. Edgar Hoover. The two bachelor crime-detectors seemed to vie for the favor of the national columnists.

Murphy has given up New York night life since going on the court except for an infrequent appearance at the Stork, El Morocco or 21. He is undoubtedly the first Supreme Court justice to be recognized on 52nd Street.

He is an indefatigable worker. The Supreme Court job is the easiest work he has had for 20 years. Like all busy men he seems to feel a certain lack of outlet for his energy.

Some of Murphy's friends opposed his acceptance of the Justiceship. They felt, despite the experience of Al Smith (Murphy is the lone Catholic on the high bench), that he had a good chance to get into the White House.

In any event, rumors circulate in Washington whenever an important government job is vacated that Murphy may step down and take the post. One of these days he probably will.



William Orville Douglas

Bill Douglas is the kid of the court. Two will get you one in many Washington circles that he does not stay on the court bench for the duration. To understand this you have to know Douglas, who hails from Washington.

When Bill Douglas talks you know he used to work in the fruit orchards and sheep ranches of the West. He's the best cusser in the capital, and his black robes have not curbed his tongue. He smokes two or three packs of cigarettes a day. He's "people."

During the long dry sessions of the Supreme Court, Douglas twists and squirms in his chair like a school boy

at graduation exercises. By the time the court rises, Douglas' judicial robes are apt to be knotted around his waist.

His mind is as restless as his body. Lawyers think he is probably the most brilliant man turned up by the New Deal. Friends—and even enemies—think he is good presidential timber.

Douglas' feeling that he is rather "useless" and sidetracked on the bench has increased since the start of the war. He wants to get back into the thick of the fight. Few men resign from the Supreme Court except for age or disability. But Douglas never let a precedent stand in his way.



James Francis Byrnes

Jimmy Byrnes was just about the smartest little politician the Senate has seen. Charlie McNary, who is probably the smartest big politician, used to chuckle when he saw Jimmy coming: "I put one hand on my wallet and the other on my watch."

Byrnes sits on the Supreme Court because, in the first place, he wanted to be a high court judge and because in the second place, the Senate conservatives let Mr. Roosevelt understand they would kick over the traces if he didn't get the job and because, in the third place, Mr. Roosevelt has known and liked Jimmy since 1914.

It is too early to judge Byrnes' position, but he undoubtedly goes over to the right, along with Roberts and Reed. Byrnes' first court decision was an opinion against California's "Okie" law—a statute designed to bar migrants from the state.

Byrnes is no New Dealer although he helped put many New Deal bills through Congress and acted as floor manager for Roosevelt at the Chicago Democratic Convention of 1940.

At 62, Byrnes looks ten years younger. He gets around so fast his Senate colleagues used to call him "a one man blitzkrieg."



Owen J. Roberts

Owen J. Roberts was once the most important man on the Supreme Court. He was the "swing" man. The court was made up of four conservatives and four liberals. Roberts was the unhappy man on the fence.

A Pennsylvania corporation lawyer and the court's one indubitable millionaire, Roberts is a natural conservative. But at the moment of the court's greatest peril he was won over to the liberal side, it is generally supposed, by the arguments of Chief Justice Hughes. Robert's vote, with that of Hughes, started the New Deal's judicial landslide a month or so after

President Roosevelt popped his famous "court packing plan."

In the days of the Nine Old Men Roberts was the baby of the court, a mere youngster of 61. Today at 66 he is the second oldest and most conservative member, dissenting only occasionally and never bitterly from the verdict of his colleagues. A pleasant, sound and sober citizen, his counterpart is found in a hundred graying executives and lawyers who people the Main Line suburbs of Philadelphia and relax on long weekends on their well-kept farms out on the Pennsylvania countryside.



Stanley Forman Reed

When the Roosevelt Supreme Court splits into conservative and liberal factions, Stanley Reed, a tailor's dream of what a Supreme Court lawyer should look like, will take his seat at the far right end of the bench.

Reed went to the court after nearly four years as Solicitor General.

Reed had argued the first big New Deal case to be lost—the Humphreys case in which the Justices cracked Mr. Roosevelt's knuckles for discharging a Republican Federal Trade Commissioner. He argued the Gold cases and won. He argued NRA, and lost. He argued TVA, and won. He argued

AAA, and lost. He argued Processing Taxes, and lost, too. He argued Railroad labor and won.

That is a pretty good score for an advocate to turn in for a client before an unfriendly court. Besides, not all of his cases stayed lost.

Reed never trained with the New Deal crowd. He came to Washington as a Hoover appointee and moved into the New Deal through the Federal Farm Board and the RFC. On the bench he steers a sound, middle-of-road course, but Supreme Court clockers rate him as the potential Justice Butler of the Nine Young Men.





Hugo Lafayette Black

When Hugo Black was a young Alabama politician, fresh from the red clay hills, poor as a churchmouse and ambitious as scratch, he joined the Ku Klux Klan. He was young. He was ambitious. And he was in Alabama politics.

The Klan died out. The years rolled by and Hugo Black got into the United States Senate where, in the dismal days of depression and the exciting days of the New Deal, he proved the toughest, roughest and most effective inquisitor since the late great Tom Walsh. When Black started punching, his questions drew important blood.

Then came the Supreme Court fight. Justice Van Devanter had quit the bench at the height of the fight and Roosevelt picked Black for the vacancy. He knew the conservatives would howl to high heaven but that the Senate, ever a gentleman's club, would okay the choice. He was right. What he did not know was that a Pittsburgh reporter, Ray Sprigle, would dig up Black's KKK past.

That hurt. It hurt Roosevelt and it hurt Black. But it probably gave the Court the greatest defender of civil liberties who has ever sat on the high bench. Black went through polite hell in his first year as a justice. But he is proving himself the hard way. His opinions ring with an almost Biblical intolerance of injustice. The day may come when Americans who cherish the Bill of Rights will welcome the day Hugo Black joined the KKK.

Your Other Life



The idea that we live two lives is as old as man. These well-authenticated tales from the world of dreams raise the question, "Which is reality?"

• • • While composing himself for sleep, Mortimer Graves of New York City considered how he would spend his coming two weeks' vacation. Just as he dozed off, he decided to pay a visit to a race track. On awakening, he recalled a vivid dream in which he saw a horse named Sleiveconard win the first race. Glancing at a newspaper, he saw that a horse of that name was indeed running.

That day on the way to the track Graves was stopped for speeding. Frantically seeking an alibi, he recalled his dream.

"Sorry I was speeding, officer," he said, "but I dreamed last night that Sleiveconard won the first race. I was trying to reach the track in time to place a bet on him."

The policeman was skeptical, but said that he would tear up the ticket—providing Graves would place a five dollar bet for the officer on Sleive-

conard, and providing further that Sleiveconard won.

At the track, discovering that the odds on Sleiveconard were 12 to 1, Graves decided against betting himself, but placed the police officer's five dollars on the nose of the dream winner. *Sleiveconard won.* Graves kicked himself twice the length of the grandstand, and the officer—waiting outside—collected the money.



• • • Cromwell Varley, renowned British electrical researcher of the late nineteenth century, presented the story below in affidavit form to the London Dialectical Society.

Varley's sister had suffered a heart attack and was not expected to live more than a few days. During her illness, Varley slept in a room separated

from hers by a locked door. One night, awakening from a full fledged nightmare that had paralyzed him, Varley saw an apparition of his sister enter the room. As Varley tried in vain to break the torpor which gripped him, the ghostly form declared, "I will frighten you and so free you from this nightmare." After several unsuccessful efforts to terrify Varley, the apparition screamed, "Oh Cromwell, I am dying!"

This so frightened Varley that he aroused himself. He at once examined the door to his sister's room and found it still locked. Furthermore, he knew she could no longer leave her bed. After recounting the incident to his wife and warning her not to tell his sister, he went back to sleep.

As soon as Varley entered his sister's room next morning, she said: "Last night I dreamed I went to your room. I found you in the grip of a nightmare. Being afraid that you might die, I endeavored to frighten you. I finally told you that I was dying, and this awakened you."



... For many months Mrs. Dorothy McKinlay of Yonkers tried in vain to contact her aunt who had been stranded in Holland at the outbreak of the second World War. Then one night she dreamed that her aunt was walking uncertainly along a blacked-out street in London, carrying a brown brief case. Suddenly the street was illumined by an eye-pierc-

ing flash; there was a roar, a screaming crowd, and momentary panic.

A month after the dream Mrs. McKinlay received word from the family solicitor that her aunt had escaped from Holland and managed months later to reach London—only to be killed on the night of her arrival by a bomb which burst while she was trying to reach a shelter.

The solicitor sent Mrs. McKinlay a brown brief case which her aunt had been carrying at the moment of her death.



... For years Mrs. H. A. Currilin of Texas City, Texas, searched in vain for a diamond which had fallen out of her engagement ring. One night after she had long given up hope of finding the gem, she dreamed that she saw a certain Plymouth Rock chicken digging busily in the hen yard. Next she dreamed that she had killed the chicken for Sunday dinner and while cleaning it had found the diamond in its gizzard.

Upon awakening next morning, she immediately caught the hen she had seen in her dream and slit open its gizzard. There was the diamond. It has been replaced in the ring, and Mrs. Currilin is still wearing it.

Readers are invited to contribute to "Your Other Life." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Although they cannot be returned, all contributions will be given careful consideration.

Gallery of Photographs

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JACOB





The New E-String

CHARLES MARTZ, AURORA, MISSOURI



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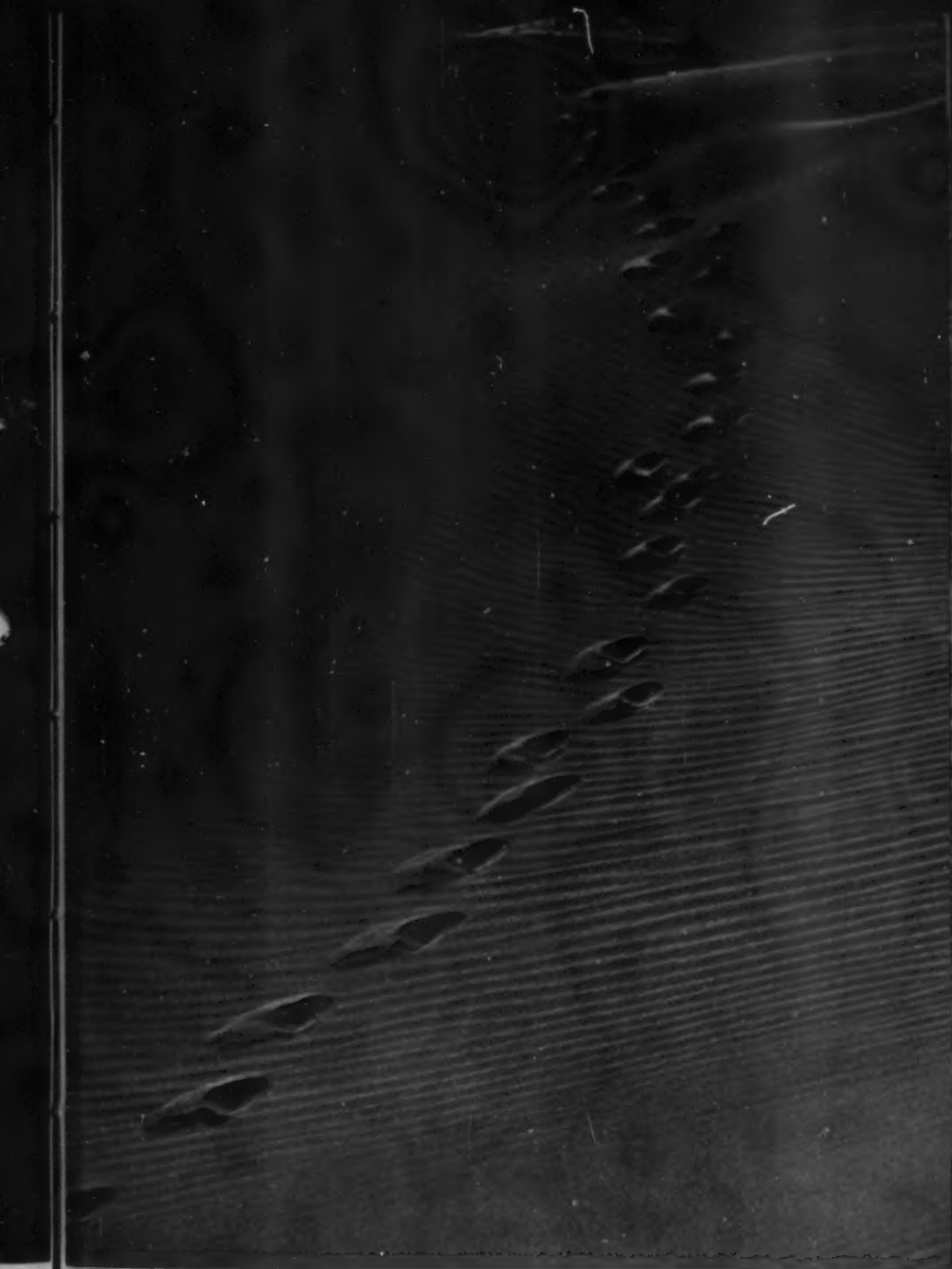
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HANS KADEN
JACOBS





The New E-String

CHARLES MARTZ, AURORA, MISSOURI



SOUR

SYDNEY S. SMITH, NEW YORK

Sandtrack



Death Valley Quicksand

FRITZ HENLE, FROM PUBLIX



TOM KELLEY, HOLLYWOOD

Siesta



Siesta

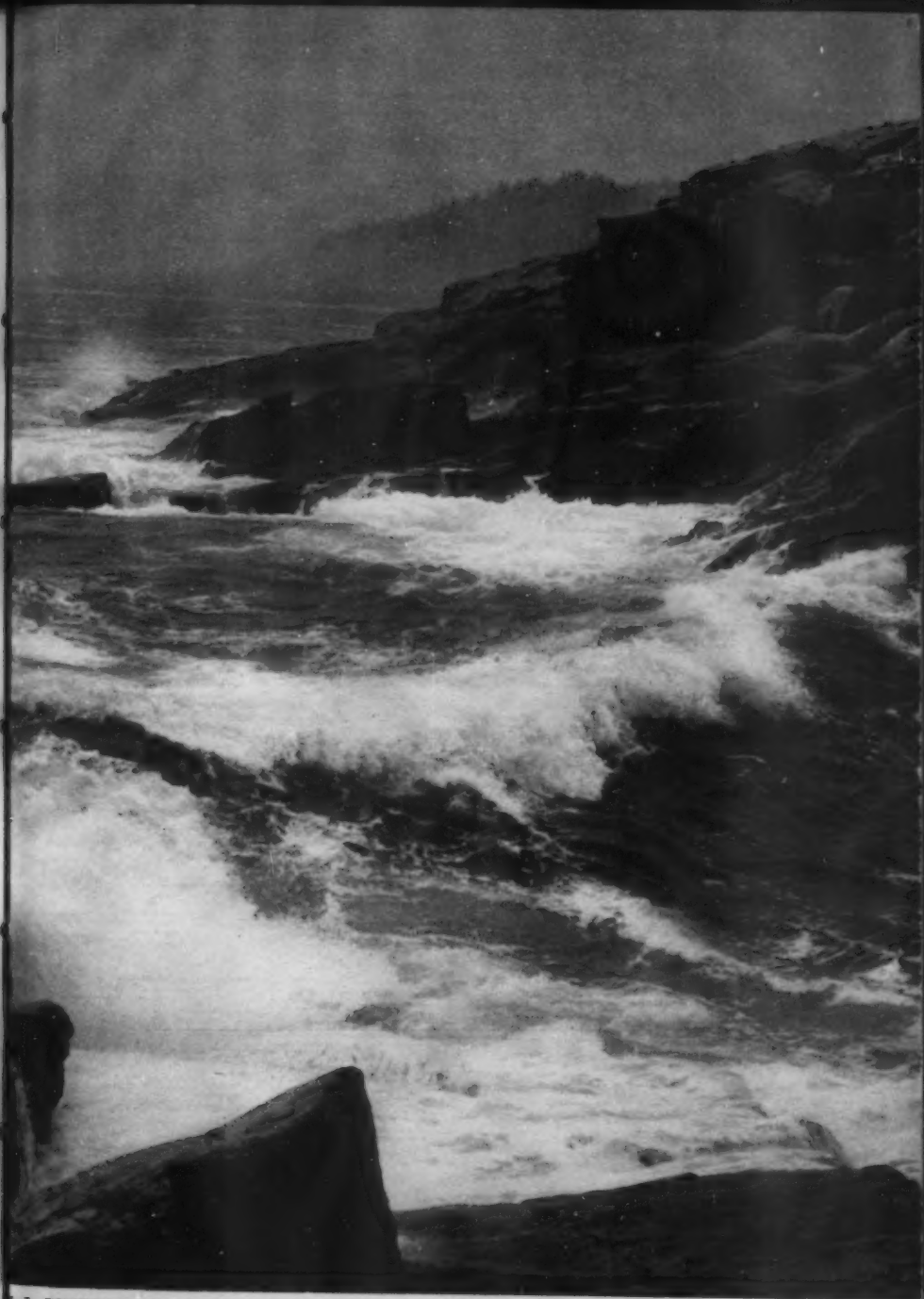


Eternal China



Eternal China

JACOBS, FROM THREE LIONS



R. I. ZIMMERMAN, RELAY, MARYLAND

Seagirt



"Tears of Joy"

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The Uphill Climb



Gallwey

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Susy-Q



Shore Leave

ROBERT E. JENNINGS, MARION, OHIO. L. M.



HIGH 7. MEERKÄMPER, DAVOS, SWITZERLAND

Climb's End



Harriett

HARVEY J. GROZE, DETROIT AND



ANDRÉ DE DIÈNES, NEW YORK

Merchant Marine



The Long Shadows

PAUL FAISS, DAVOS-PLATZ, SWITZERLAND



LANDSCAPE
COTT LIEB A. HAMPFLE, KENNETT SQUARE, PA.

Winter Spent



Handout

CARL F. WIEGMAN, FORT WAYNE, INDIANA DON



ANNA DON WALLACE, CHICAGO

The Rat Patrol



Curvewalk

S. ALTON RALPH, SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS A.



ETTS

A. A. EISENBERG, NEW YORK

Boardwalk



6 A. M.

HANS KADEN, JENKINTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA

Are you an aspirin-eater—a chronic sufferer from pain that makes your temples throb? Here's some advice that may soothe your pulsing brow—



Headaches Are a Luxury

by HELEN FURNAS

THE KIND of high-pressure big-shot who lives, breathes, eats, drinks, sleeps and dreams his unbridled ambitions has been called a lot of names, few of them complimentary. Now he has a brand new, strictly scientific label—he's a "migraine-type."

The same label may include some of his sisters, his cousins and his aunts, his chauffeur or his janitor, his old uncle back on the farm and his son's college professor. Migraine headache, which experts call "the commonest clinical ailment of civilized mankind," is no respecter of social or intellectual status, sex, race or creed.

Diagnosing the migraine type of personality and helping its possessor combat it is the daily job of one of the country's leading research neurologists, Dr. Harold G. Wolff of New York Hospital-Cornell University Medical College.

Although not in private practice—

all fees are turned back into a research fund—Dr. Wolff has observed hundreds of patients, from captains of industry to humble immigrants, and succeeded in isolating a kind of psychological quirk they have in common that predisposes them to dizzy, reeling periodical attacks of what is unpopularly known as "sick headache." No single trait, but a complex of attitudes, present in various people in various degrees, makes up the kind of personality that succumbs to attacks of migraine.

Until quite recently migraine, however definite in the patient's head, was anything but clear in his doctor's. It was roughly identified as the kind of headache that starts in one side of the head and sometimes spreads to torture the whole cranium. Nobody knew just what caused the blinding pain, nausea, chill, blurred vision or dancing lights before the eyes and

other such unpleasant symptoms that often attend it, although everybody had his own theory. A few years back it was discovered that somehow ergotamine tartrate, a powerful drug, would halt an attack in many cases, if administered in time. But, since the drug does not help everybody, is dangerous for pregnant women and people with certain maladies, unsafe to use over-often and never prevents the recurrence of the next attack, it was hardly a solution to the problem.

Then in 1930 Dr. Wolff turned his skeptical eyes on the matter. After years of experimentation, he and his associates had redefined migraine, explained what makes most headaches ache, charted the psychological factors associated with migraine and laid out a series of down-to-earth methods enabling doctors to help patients and patients to help themselves in getting at cause and cure.

It all began in Dr. Wolff's sunny laboratories with a flock of experiments performed on migraine sufferers during attacks which indicated the pain came from the distention of sensitive arteries round and about the skull. Ergotamine tartrate's magic lay in the fact that it rapidly reduced the pulsations. To drive home the point, an actual photograph was taken of a migraine headache, with the temporal artery in the patient's forehead standing out in bas relief. Twenty minutes after the injection of ergotamine tartrate another photograph was taken showing a smooth and painless brow.

Constructive curiosity next set these

researchers pondering how many headaches other than the migraine kind operated on the same principle. When they got through pondering, experimenting and measuring, Dr. Wolff was able to state tersely that most headaches, except those unmistakably traceable to eyes, sinuses or certain other remote sources, were caused by these same pulsations. If you have hitherto considered migraine as exclusively the kind of headache that kept your spinster aunt shut up in her room with the shades drawn, you may need to reshuffle your ideas.

A scientist, of course, is primarily interested in relieving the recurrent attacks of big-time migraine, but the same ammunition used on them is equally effective for smaller targets. Having exposed the machinations of the villain, Dr. Wolff, who asks himself as many questions as little Rollo used to ask the hired man, wanted to know why certain people are more susceptible than others. And exhaustive study finally gave him the clue he was after.

BROADLY SPEAKING, the migraine-type is a very useful citizen who needlessly pays for his usefulness in the painful coin of headaches. A restless inner drive, an insatiable nervous energy, rigid perfectionism and meticulousness in small detail—all socially valuable qualities—are all characteristic of the composite migraine-type.

As Dr. Wolff puts it, "these admirable persons have the defects of their qualities. They have stumbled over their assets and forgotten that exces-

sive virtue may become a fault." The successful migrainous business or professional man is like Jack in the nursery proverb, all work and no play—only, instead of becoming a dull boy, he becomes a headachy one.

Clarence Day's famous and explosive "Father" was a perfect example, right through to his scorn for all illness including his own. Between sieges the migrainous often refuse to brook any mention of their torments. But, when actually riding the horny horse, they become just as articulate as was Father when, during his headaches, he used to pray noisily to an unheeding God: "Have mercy! I say have mercy, damn it!"

In their relentless quest for perfection, the migrainous exhaust themselves and everybody around them. Migrainous scientists arrange, classify, enumerate and submit detailed analyses until their harassed colleagues can scarcely see the scholarly forest for the scholarly trees. Migrainous business men write sheaves of inter-office memos about nothing in particular and have a whole page of typing rewritten because of a single mis-struck letter. Migrainous housewives dust, sweep and scrub with a fury that caused the husband of one of them to say, "You'd feel much better if you'd throw that mop away!"

Sometimes the passion for order

becomes downright ritualistic as in the case of a prominent lawyer who had to do everything in threes—comb his hair three times, tie his tie three times, turn a page three times. Others have a ceremonial procedure of draping their clothes over a certain chair each night and are violently upset if so much as a garter is disturbed. A prominent biologist exerted himself tirelessly in an effort to affix each postage stamp just so many millimeters from the edge of the envelope.

Lists, headings, titles, subtitles and card-indexes appeal strongly to the migrainous. One hardworking and headachy college student not only spent six evenings a week typing out all his lecture notes for future binding, but spent further hours classifying and cross-classifying an elaborate stamp-collection:

Exactness in every act of daily life is a fetish with the migraine-type.

Well-creased trousers,

highly polished shoes and a neatness bordering on austerity characterize his style of dressing.

Punctuality is another fetish—not only do they practice it themselves almost as a vice but demand it of others. And they must never, never, be teased.

Although most migraine-types deliberately cultivate graciousness and charm, their external poise generally

John Kieran...

in the April issue of *Coronet*
with selections from his
American Sporting Scene
—a colorful, authoritative,
picture of American sport!

conceals a deep resentment of all criticism. Many a migrainous wife confesses to a headache after a husbandly slur on her cooking. A small boy's headaches were traced to sarcastic comments of a teacher about his school work. A well-known writer suffered an attack of migraine every time he read an unfavorable review.

Such attitudes naturally make emotional adjustment difficult for migraine-types. Frustration of their efforts to make wife, husband or child toe the line sets up constant strains in family life, a vicious circle provoking more headaches. Some are even temperamentally incapable of falling in love in the first place, bending their energies, instead, more and more intently—and dangerously—on work.

THE FIRST curative step involves the sufferer's own realization that his private slant on life is askew. Back of all the furious drive, sensitiveness and aloofness, is a deep-seated feeling of insecurity. "If I can only reach this goal," the migraine-type thinks subconsciously, "I'll show the world what a superior fellow I am." But, once any given goal is reached, up pops another!

Certain lucky people are cured just by digesting these facts about themselves. More often, however, it is a longer, more arduous road. For a patient dead-set on getting rid of headaches must go unreservedly to the mat with himself—a requirement which took Dr. Wolff into wide practice of personality-reconditioning.

First of all, some pretty frank book-

keeping on personal assets and deficits is in order. Many migrainous types, while hypersensitive to other people's shortcomings, refuse to admit to any of their own. A common migraine-type complaint is: "I can't find anybody who measures up to my standards." Others, contrariwise, are blind to their own assets, brooding exclusively on supposed defects and wearing themselves to the bone in an effort to compensate for these. A pathologist, for instance, was certain that the fat envelope he received in his morning's mail contained the rejected manuscript he had submitted to a scientific publication. He had a bad headache before summoning up sufficient courage to open the envelope and find proof of his article already in type with a letter of commendation from the editor.

Almost without exception, migraine-types need to take the gospel of relaxation to heart. In the early stages of a cure, mild sedatives, prolonged soaking in a tepid bath or the system of progressive relaxation worked out by Dr. Edmund Jacobson in his books are helpful aids to letting down. But nothing out of a bottle or any purely mechanical procedure can be really effective unless what Dr. Wolff calls the "destructive life-situation" is being altered to match.

Learning to budget the energies in accordance with the needs of the nervous system is the vital ingredient of any permanent cure. The business man who is pushing himself too hard must realize that cutting down to four-fifths of his present output may

benefit his work as well as his headaches. The executive who feels he must do everything himself must learn that wise delegation of authority is less deadly to efficiency in the long run than a migraine headache. Busy wives and mothers must learn to let up a little at the time of the month when their energies naturally flag and thus avoid the monthly headaches to which many women are subject.

Taking a long sea voyage or returning to the soil and the simple life are superficial methods of tackling the problem. Since the crux of the matter is a change of attitude, not a change of scene, the migraine-type is only too likely to take his over-intensity right along. Brief but frequent days-off full of well planned new and diverting activities are a much sounder scheme for getting the migraine-type's nose off the grindstone he is using for a torture-wheel.

An indefatigable worker himself, who usually goes home with a bundle of work under his arm, Dr. Wolff never fails to get in a daily game of

squash on the hospital court—a fine example for his patients. All regular forms of exercise, except grimly competitive sports, are good. So is the cultivation of some interest contrasting vividly with the nature of the daily grind—art, music or poetry for the tense business man or the woman with an ingrowing absorption in household affairs; games and detective-stories and as much fun and nonsense as possible to loosen up the taut creative worker.

All this, of course, is for people who really want to get rid of their headaches. According to Dr. Wolff, some don't. Once he had as a patient the head of a million-dollar corporation who habitually slept six hours, worked the rest and drove himself and his family crazy with periodical colossal headaches. As Dr. Wolff gravely outlined the total right-about-face this man would have to do to gain relief, the executive listened politely. Then he said, "Thanks very much, Doctor. I'd rather keep my headaches."

Objection Sustained

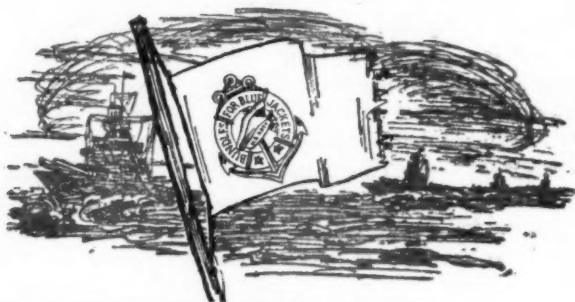
THAT A MAN cannot be forced to testify against himself is a recognized law of this country. Therefore, when a citizen complained to Municipal Judge Thomas V. Holland of Kansas City that police had forced him to breathe into their "drunkometer," a device which by breath analysis decides the quantity of spiritual intake by

the suspect, the judge immediately outlawed the test.

To be acceptable to the court as evidence, Judge Holland ruled, such tests must be taken voluntarily. It would be alienation of a man's rights as a citizen to compel him against his will to breathe one breath of evidence against himself.

—ARTHUR R. CHILDS

With a poster and a hank of wool—plus space in an empty store window—this ingenious young woman started Americans doing their part even, before our country entered the war



Now It's Bundles for Bluejackets

by BARBARA HEGGIE

Flash:

Now It's Bundles for America

No sooner was this article in type—late in January—than it was announced that Bundles for Bluejackets had become the naval division of a new organization: Bundles for America. Mrs. Latham heads the new group, and continues as honorary president of Bundles for Britain, though the two are independent.

Only by working through established organizations—such as Bundles for America, which cooperates directly with the Army and Navy—can volunteer knitters be sure that remaining stocks of wool yarn are put to the best possible use.

IF PRETTY young Natalie Wales Latham had not dropped in at Macy's department store five summers ago to buy dress material for her little daughters, 75,000 American seamen would not be wearing snug navy-

blue sweaters on their Arctic patrols this winter.

The story linking these widely irrelevant events is the saga of the phenomenal growth of a poster and a hank of wool, set in an empty shop window, into the world's two largest private war charities — Bundles for Bluejackets and its sister corporation, Bundles for Britain.

When Mrs. Latham got home with her eight yard Macy remnant of brown linen, she decided, on the inspiration of the moment, to make triplicate playsuits for Natalie, Mimi, and herself. The next week, as they sported their new dresses on the sands of the Atlantic Beach Club, a roving photographer sighted them and stopped short. "Don't move! Hold it!" he shouted excitedly.

Three days later a national magazine called up to ask if Mrs. Latham

would pose with her daughters for a picture series of mother-daughter dresses. The rest is fashion history.

Mrs. Latham did nothing to identify herself further with the nationwide furor she had started for mother-daughter dresses. But she did decide that next time she had a brain wave she would back it to the hilt.

Later, when England declared war, this same Mrs. Latham dashed off a letter to Mrs. Winston Churchill, whom she had never met, volunteering help to Britain. Mrs. Churchill replied that there was great need for knitted articles for the men on trawlers and minesweepers in the North Sea. Mrs. Latham straightaway bought a batch of wholesale wool.

An empty store at 484 Park Avenue next caught her eye and, learning that its landlord was the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, she went downtown and bearded the president, Mr. Frederick Ecker, in his office. Fifteen minutes later Mr. Ecker had agreed to let her have it rent free.

On the 15th of January, 1940, Mrs. Latham and three friends opened their headquarters for business. By evening the shop was besieged by volunteer knitters; in three weeks their first shipment went to England—100 sweaters, 1,000 woolen blankets, 300 scarves, 500 socks and 900 thumbless mittens; in a year Mrs. Latham's organization included a million workers. She had set up 1,162 branch offices in forty-eight states. Units sprang up, as well, in Alaska, Hawaii, the Virgin Islands, and Liberia.

Although Bundles' roster of knitted

articles, ambulances, air raid shelter cots, soup kitchens, used clothing, surgical supplies, and cash donations is an impressive one, perhaps the greatest contribution it has made is the important part it has played in our scheme of national unity.

Sheepmen of Oregon are contributing wool for blankets. An Alaskan trapper has presented Bundles with raw furs. A watermelon eating contest for children in South Carolina netted the organization \$70. The Quinault Indian tribe at Tahola, Washington, are manufacturing patchwork woolen blankets. And cab drivers in New York are contributing a package of razor blades apiece to help fill in the wartime scarcity.

On a recent visit to Washington Mrs. Latham met Secretary of State Hull who took her aside and warmly congratulated her. "The biggest task you have accomplished," he said, "is in strengthening the United States by unifying American thought."

Increasingly since early last spring, Mrs. Latham had turned Bundles for Britain's nationwide facilities in a new direction. In May \$10,000 was cabled to Cairo to assist in evacuating American civilian refugees from Greece, the Balkans and the Near East—the first direct aid to come from the United States. Bundles joined wholeheartedly in the campaign of the U.S.O.

When American troops engaged in large scale war maneuvers recently near Little Rock, Arkansas, the local Bundles chapter, calling on all the state branches to come in and help,



organized a week of entertainments, with a gala ball to start things off.

By late November the new division had expanded so rapidly that Mrs. Latham decided to incorporate it under the State of New York. And then, thirteen days before the outbreak of hostilities, formal charter was granted to Bundles for Bluejackets, Inc.

When Mrs. Latham heard the report of the Japanese assault on Pearl Harbor, she was momentarily unable to account for her calm. "Later I realized," she admits, "that my first feeling was gratitude that I and the million other workers for Bundles knew how to help."

The following twenty-four hours doubled Bundles, Inc. membership. At once the central office, acting with the blessings of Admiral King, then Commander of the Atlantic Fleet, wired U.S. Navy specifications for regulation woolen garments to all branches.

Each unit was assigned some individual warship to outfit. Chicago

women undertook to prepare ten thousand complete kits for the graduating cadets of the Great Lakes Naval Training Center. In the West Coast harbors of Seattle, Portland, San Diego and San Francisco, warehouses were swept out overnight, their doors flung open, blazoned with McClelland Barclay's twin Bundles for Bluejackets and Britain emblems.

When the sad news of the sinking of the *U.S.S. Arizona* reached the ladies of Tucson, who had been knitting for the men aboard the ship named in honor of their state, the branch redoubled its efforts for men on other warships.

Since the Axis' declaration of total war, membership in Bundles has multiplied so rapidly that Mrs. Latham now looks forward confidently to monthly collections totaling a cool million dollars—up till now the yearly average. Every night Mrs. Latham still scuttles around to the National City Bank on 57th Street with her overflowing cash box, taking a different route each time. "I'm afraid there are crooks waiting for me on the corner and I want to fool them," she explains to her puzzled assistants.

PETITE, VIVACIOUS, with long brown hair and dark brown eyes, Natalie Wales Latham's authority does not spring from a commanding presence, but from a crackling vitality that would make a Fourth of July sparkler dim by comparison. Just over thirty, she was married when she was eighteen to Kenelm Winslow, an eligible young bachelor from Tuxedo Park.

Divorced from him in 1936, she soon afterwards became the wife of Edward Latham, a tall romantic Southerner who had recently been attached to the American Consulate in Panama. The Lathams parted company two years ago, but Mrs. Latham has been seen with her ex-husband here and there since his return in October from the British Sudan, where he spent a year with the American Field Service. Now their intimates seem to think re-marriage may be in the offing.

ALTHOUGH matrimony may have had its ups and downs for Mrs. Latham, motherhood is a steadygoing affair to her. She lives with her children in a modest apartment on East 89th Street, and gets up every morning at 7:30 to breakfast with them, afterwards walking them down to Miss Hewitt's school, a dozen blocks away. When she comes home in the evening, she usually goes straight to bed and has her supper on a tray, while Natalie and Mimi sit at her feet, discussing homework and knitting on their seamen's scarves, with a little assistance from mother on dropped stitches.

Mrs. Latham has never learned to dictate, so she writes her correspondence in long-hand, after her children are tucked away. Then she sews for another hour in an attempt to catch up with her wardrobe. Many of her creations have been admired at the various extremely successful benefits she has organized. The Navy Ball at the Waldorf-Astoria last November netted more than any previous charity ball held in Manhattan—\$30,000.

Even more profitable was a gift from J. P. Morgan, who presented Bundles with the proceeds from the sale of the furnishings of his yacht, *Corsair II*.

Bundles consignments from the East are checked through a central shipping office, a warehouse occupying all five floors of a long-disused telephone company building on West 89th Street. Here one day appeared a gentleman whose jubilant whiskers were unmistakably anarchistic. He presented himself to the chief filing clerk and pressed upon her a manila paper wrapped package the size and shape of an orange.

The clerk walked hurriedly to the water's edge and laid the parcel down, taking great care that it was not jarred. Then, with the enthusiastic aid of a squadron of Bundles' sons who had come to the wharf bringing their air rifles for a day's ratting, the contribution was prodded open. As the wrappings fell away, the mystified group beheld a jeweler's box of



fine grain russet calf. Within, resting on burgundy velvet, lay a silver medallion on which was imprinted the insignia of the New York State Bund, a swastika, and the legend, "For excellence in the study of German." A card attached read, "Please melt this into part of something hard to be dropped on Hitler." Mrs. Latham supervised personally the execution of this instruction.

These days Mrs. Latham is seen in nearly as many different places as the First Lady. When she isn't flying to Washington or taking off for points West, she is likely to bob up at the Bundles branch on Exchange Place where American and British seamen

are given a warm welcome, and crews of torpedoed ships have their wardrobes renewed.

Frequently sailors are served tea and treated to a movie, and Mrs. Latham was regretfully amused when one group was taken by accident to see *Long Voyage Home*, a film dealing with a British freighter en route through the war zone.

"The poor things were probably hoping for a strip-tease," she said.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

WOMEN FOR DEFENSE	
by Margaret Culkin Banning	\$2.50
Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc., New York	
THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND	
by Margaret Biddle	\$1.75
Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston	



Answers to Questions on Pages 55-56

- | | | |
|----------------------------|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Alexander Pope | 18. Fred Stone | 34. Emperor Charlemagne. |
| 2. Oscar Wilde | 19. William A. White | 35. Dolores Del Rio |
| 3. Nathan Hale | 20. Thomas Mann | 36. Baron Rothschild |
| 4. Thomas Wolfe | 21. Captain Kidd | 37. General Montcalm |
| 5. Josephine Baker | 22. William the Conqueror | 38. Johann S. Bach |
| 6. Robert Taylor | 23. "Ham" Fish | 39. Joseph Stalin |
| 7. Bob Hope | 24. John Bull | 40. Professor Einstein |
| 8. John Drinkwater | 25. Robert Young | 41. Los Angeles |
| 9. Walter Scott | 26. Bluebeard | 42. El Paso |
| 10. Charles Lamb | 27. Jonathan Swift | 43. Fond du Lac |
| 11. Long John Silver | 28. John Brown | 44. Agua Caliente |
| 12. O. Henry | 29. Robert Service | 45. Baton Rouge |
| 13. James McNeill Whistler | 30. Walter H. Page | 46. Buenos Aires |
| 14. William Penn | 31. Cardinal Richelieu | 47. Corpus Christi |
| 15. Billy Rose | 32. El Greco | 48. Tia Juana |
| 16. Frank Black | 33. Giuseppe Verdi | 49. Montreal |
| 17. Harry Bridges | | 50. Eau Claire |

The Best I Know



Favorite anecdotes of celebrated personalities, as chosen from The Best I Know, a collection edited by Edna B. Smith, with caricatures by Xavier Cugat



A FEW YEARS ago, I went on a lecture tour. The whole thing was arranged by the Pacific Geographical Society, who made the lecture dates very close to each other. As a result, I was whisked through California so rapidly that I made a number of speeches without having any idea where I was, and in an all-around confused state:

One speech was delivered at a theater in which the orchestra pit had been covered with green baize. I walked toward the front of the stage. "Ladies and—" I said, and fell ten feet through the baize into the pit. Unable to climb up, I had to go out of the theater through the basement and buy an admission ticket before I could get back to the stage platform. I was only partly mollified

by the realization that the audience regarded my dive as a sort of graphic believe-it-or-not item.

So I probably not only made one of the shortest speeches in history, with one of the most unusual exits—but I had to buy a ticket in order to get in to my own lecture, *Believe It or Not!*

—ROBERT RIPLEY
Creator of Believe It or Not cartoons.

ONE DAY Billy Rose was approached by a man who requested a job in his new show.

"What can you do?" asked Rose.

"I can dive head first from a 500-foot ladder into a barrel of sawdust," said the man.

"I'd like to see you do that," announced the showman.

The stunt was performed by the man much to the amazement of Rose.

"You are hired," exclaimed Rose

excitedly. "I'll pay you \$250 a week!"

"Oh, no," said the man.

"Well, then, I'll pay you \$500 a week!"

"Oh, no," said the man.

"Then, I'll pay you \$1,000 a week—but that's my top figure!"

"Oh, no," said the man.

"Why not?" asked Rose.

"You see," replied the man, "that was the first time I ever did that trick—and I don't like it!"

—BILLY ROSE

Super showman and director.

A PROMINENT matron of Dalton, Georgia, 90 miles from Atlanta, was training a young colored girl, fresh from the cotton patch, in the hope that she would become a good house servant. One of her duties was to answer the telephone. She had been with the household only a day or two when the bell rang with that peculiar peal which announces *Long Distance*. The mistress heard Dulcey hurry to the phone and lift the receiver. After one brief remark into the mouthpiece Dulcey went back to her interrupted tasks elsewhere in the household. The mistress's curiosity got the better of her and she called Dulcey to her.

"Wasn't that the telephone? For whom was the message?"

Dulcey grinned broadly.

"Wasn't nothin'." she declared.

"Lady done say to me, 'Long Distance from Atlanta.' I says, 'Yas'm, it sho is,' and dat were dat."

—MINNIE HITE MOODY

Author.



PRESIDENT Franklin D. Roosevelt likes to start off a conference with a humorous story. An anecdote typical of his sense

of humor is the following:

A couple of Negroes were walking along Pennsylvania Avenue when they were startled by the scream of police sirens and the roar of eight motorcycles preceding a long black car. In wonderment one of the Negroes, impressed with the number of police, asked his companion who it was. "Why, you ignoramus," said the second Negro, "dat's the President of the United States."

"Yeah?" said the first Negro. "What HE done?"

—DR. GEORGE G. TRATTNER

Of the staff of Mount Sinai Hospital, New York City.

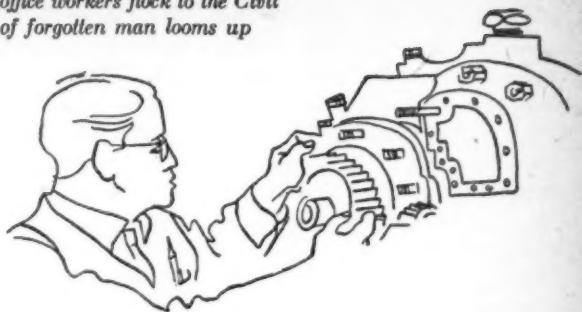
TWO SPARROWS met on a telephone wire in Central Park. The one, sleek and perfectly groomed, regarded the other—bloody, battered and disarranged—with horror, and asked: "In heaven's name, what happened to you?"

"Plenty," groaned the mutilated sparrow. "I got up this morning, feeling fit as a jaybird. I ate two delicious worms, then I thought I'd exercise a bit. So I did a couple of short flights, some loops, an Immelman and a barrel roll. I topped them off with a nice dive—and got mixed up in a badminton game!"

—JIMMIE FIDLER

Newspaper and radio columnist.

As war industries boom and factory hands smile—as clerks and office workers flock to the Civil Service, a new kind of forgotten man looms up



Dirty Weather for White Collars

by SHELBY CULLOM DAVIS

THE SALES MANAGER of a New York City stove company recently received a big government order for enough pot belly stoves to keep his factory busy for the next two years—and promptly fired his sales staff.

All over the country the mortality rate among salesmen is high.

You don't have to sell goods to defeat Hitler. Unfortunately for the salesman, the battle of production requires no selling. Washington will take all we can produce—no real selling is needed here.

If the Government isn't taking most of your factory's production and making extensive selling unnecessary, your factory probably has had to cut down production because of priorities. Automobile, refrigerator, washing machine, vacuum cleaner and radio salesmen have been hit almost to the point of throwing in the sponge. They just haven't the products to sell, so

they're looking around for other jobs while their incomes dwindle.

Nor is it just salesmen who are missing out on America's greatest production boom. Salaried people who are as well off as a year ago are lucky. Those who haven't lost their jobs have seen their commissions decline sharply. Few salaries have risen.

To make the outlook even darker, taxes on salaried workers have increased more than for any other group. In the past year, income taxes have tripled, even quadrupled, for medium salaries. Washington apparently has discovered that people

Shelby Cullom Davis' article in our February issue—Everyman vs. Inflation—received such enthusiastic comments that a follow-up was obviously in order. A 32-year old Princeton graduate, Davis acted as economic adviser to Thomas E. Dewey in his campaign for the Republican presidential nomination. In his series of Coronet articles—two to date—he is acting as economic adviser to a lot of us.

with salaries have been thrifty in the past and is endeavoring to tap—a gentle way of saying “take”—their savings. It isn’t easy to reach down in your pocket and pull out \$140 more if your \$2,800 salary hasn’t increased, and the cost of living has.

So far no one seems to be doing anything about this bad situation. In Washington, Floyd Odum is looking after the cares of little business. Miss Harriet Elliott is looking after the consumer. The farmer and labor have their spokesmen — plenty of them. But nobody is looking out for the salaried persons.

WHAT ARE the salaried and professional persons to do in the difficult period ahead? Some are leaving their jobs to work in factories, believing the experience of factory work will be helpful to them later on, as well as to their pocketbooks now. Particularly is this true in the aircraft factories of southern California, the New York City area and Detroit.

In Paterson, N. J., I asked one of these workers, a former Wall Street clerk, how he liked his new job.

“It’s more steady than waiting for the bulls and bears to ‘mix it up’ on the market place,” he explained. “I was pretty tired at first. Running a machine is a lot different from pushing a pencil, figuring margins. But you get used to it, and I’m making more than I made in Wall Street.”

You can usually tell the former salaried persons who have become factory workers, for, as a rule, they haven’t yet acquired that “factory

look.” Not that there is anything wrong with a “factory look.” Workers just seem to wear it after they have worked in a factory for a while. Their faces became attuned to the machines they operate.

You wouldn’t be a good walker if you strode steadily for a block, jogged for another block and performed various antics for the third. Similarly, a good machine operator must be steady, must make his movements as mechanical as possible. He can’t lead the more exciting life of the salesman, whose vigorous personality is his greatest stock in trade.

I know of one former automobile salesman, now working in the great Chrysler tank arsenal in Detroit, who doesn’t mind at all if he gets this “factory look.” And the more often he sees and visits with his old cronies along automobile row and hears their hard luck stories, the happier he is to be working at a steady job—with no commissions to worry about.

Most of these former salaried persons, whom I met on a recent tour of the country’s leading war industries, seem to regard their factory jobs somewhat the way a drowning sailor regards a life preserver—something to hang onto during the emergency, but not for permanent tenure.

On the other hand, I know of a few cases where men have permanently left the world of salaries for that of wages. From now on, in their judgment, those who produce are going to receive more and more of the nation’s goods, while those who sell and administer will receive corre-

spondingly less. They have coldly appraised the strength of the unions and the farm bloc and simply say that they don't want to be caught in the middle.

The more farsighted of these intelligent but gloomy former salaried persons are seeking to enter industries that have a future, such as plastics, the chemical industry, certain metals such as aluminum and magnesium, and air transportation. They feel that, with their previous salaried training, learning these industries on the ground floor will enable them to go far. Admittedly, these industries have great futures. For the salaried man who can take the hard knocks that will come to him from entering these plants as a beginner, great opportunities lie ahead.

For most salaried persons, however, such plans aren't feasible. Where homes and families and children are concerned, it would be extremely difficult to change one's mode of life so completely.

A LESS radical change involves accepting a minor salaried position, at reduced pay, in one of these growing industries. Aluminum and magnesium production is skyrocketing. Additional office workers are required to administer production—if not to sell it. Without experience you cannot hope for one of the higher positions. But you can always learn and advance. Synthetic rubber production is now just in its infancy. Plastic automobiles are forecast for the future. We are just touching the potentialities of

chemistry and that mystic chemurgy, which adapts farm products to industry's uses.

By far the greatest number of displaced salaried persons I know, of course, are going into government work. The transition from a skyscraper in New York or Chicago or Los Angeles to one of the ever-increasing government buildings in bustling Washington is an easy and natural one. With the world ablaze, college students aren't as interested in philosophy any more. So a professor of philosophy obtained a job in the State Department as a translator and interpreter of foreign documents. A former executive secretary of a medical organization is doing publicity for OPM. A manager of recreational camps in New England has gone with the RFC.

Some of those entering government work are placing a long term bet on the increasing importance of government in our affairs. They reason that Big Government is here to stay—duration or no duration. They point out that the RFC has replaced Wall Street, that government-financed steel, aircraft, shipbuilding, aluminum and magnesium plants are rising all over the country. After the war they expect government's functions to be extended into all realms of production and sales. Maybe we will even buy our neckties from a government salesgirl!

It would be futile to deny the possibility that we may all be working for the Government some day. On the other hand, that view may be entirely too indigo-blue. Few Americans want

a leviathan government. They accepted government's growth during the depression because of severe unemployment—Big Government seemed the lesser of two evils. We are accepting further government controls now during the emergency.

But what if economic conditions after the emergency are better than most current forecasts? Wars are usually followed by depressions, during which necessary readjustments take place. Yet we should also remember that such depressions are often short-lived, and may be followed by booms.

The reason? During wars people are not permitted to live their normal lives, to satisfy their normal wants in the way of food, clothing and shelter—to say nothing of autos, refrigerators and washing machines. Meanwhile houses and autos and other possessions are wearing out. Thus the rush to buy usually begins shortly after war.

After the last war we had a housing boom. Why shouldn't we have another one this time? The construction of houses is being severely curtailed during the emergency and, besides, we are learning how to build cheaper and better houses than ever before.

Wars usually quicken invention, too. Inventors now are working day and night for the military services and, since money is no object, they can experiment far more than in ordinary commercial life. After the emergency we shall undoubtedly find some of these inventions making goods available to people more cheaply.

Much re-equipping will have to be

done after the war. The big production push now under way is taking relentless toll of machines that will have to be replaced.

It will be in those days ahead that the salesman will once more supplant the lobbyist in importance. Once more the salesman will be able to write his own ticket. Once again forgotten men will be remembered.

Nor will it be the salesmen alone who will benefit in this post-war period. Many others now being squeezed will find their positions relatively improved. Salaries are slow to go up. But they are also slow to fall, while prices and wages usually decline after a long-drawn-out war.

With so many high school and college graduates now attracted by high factory wages, the number of salaried workers is not increasing. Competition will, therefore, be less keen after the emergency, and there will be greater chances for salaried persons to advance.

Even though the picture looks pretty dark for salaried workers today, it is more than probable that better days lie ahead.

You can't keep a good man down. And I say that those who have the mental agility and resourcefulness to work in offices or sell out of them—are good men!

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

BOOM OR BUST

by Blair Moody \$2.50
Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc., New York

THE BALANCE SHEET OF THE FUTURE

by Ernest Bevin \$2.75
Robert M. McBride & Company, New York

Bookette:

AIR BASE

by
Boone T. Guyton



AN ACTION-PACKED narrative of life at a naval air base, with all the hows and whys of dive bombers and aircraft carriers, *Air Base* is doubly significant now—as an introduction to aviation aspirants—and as a thrilling source of satisfaction to all American patriots who are worthy of the name.



THE AUTHOR ADDS A FOREWORD:

Now that the war has come to the Western Hemisphere, the Navy is in the thick of battle, and already it has been proved that capital ships can and will be sunk by aircraft. Again, the bases from which the forces of both air arms operate have come to the fore and their importance is doubly stressed. Movements of fleet and army hinge on those outposts which carry both the provision for the attack, and yes, the brunt of the attack itself. For already these famous words are spoken as decks are cleared—"Remember Pearl Harbor!"

—BOONE T. GUYTON

"MR. GUYTON, may I have your orders?" the yeoman in the squadron office asked me, as I stood gaping at the walls of the "High Hatters"—the "hot" bombing outfit of the fleet.

"McClure is my name. Glad to know you." We made the rounds.

"Kane, Williams, Nuessle, Stephens. This is Ensign Guyton, gentlemen, just reporting in from Pensacola." My uniform, with its new shiny brass and bright gold wings, stood out like a sore thumb among the salt-dulled braid of the older officers. McClure, the flight commander, finished the introductions and we went in to see the skipper.

"Glad to have you aboard, Guyton. Draw up a chair." I liked Commander Alexander from the start. He was a weather-beaten, rugged-looking gentleman, called "Alex" even by the junior officers. He was also one of the smoothest fliers in the squadron.

"Have you had your physical?" he said. I told him I hadn't. "Well, you had best go right up to sick bay now and get it squared away. We are up to fly record bombing next week, and the rule is that every member of the squadron will fly. That means you

by Boone T. Guyton

won't have much time to practice, but we won't expect any miracles. Just do the best you can. You've been assigned Number Eighteen in the squadron—Nuessle leads that section. If there is anything you don't understand about what is going on here ask any of the officers and they will be glad to give you a hand."

He smiled, and I went out. There was a man I could really fly for. Uncle Sam was fortunate to have commanding officers like him.

That was my welcome to the squadron air base at North Island, San Diego.

The next afternoon I climbed into flight gear and joined the rest of the squadron for last minute instructions.

"We climb to 12,000 ahead and south of the horizontal bombers. Orders are to dive-bomb the radio-controlled *Utah*, an old battleship. Second division will close up on the first. I'd like to cut our attack time down, which means nose-to-cut tail diving.

"When you have finished your dive, Guyton, call on the radio and advise the squadron following us that we have completed our attack. All right, let's go. And remember, we want some hits, too."

Way back from the tail of the squadron, I could see the skipper's plane start an easy turn toward the island, and halfway across the solid blue stretch of sea, I picked up a wide spreading wake. The radio cracked. "Bombing Two, attack!"

In this bombing business, if you

look down at the target, far below, a sensation that says, "I won't get hit; nothing can touch me," takes charge of you. You get the itch to nose down, put power on and scream like a mammoth hawk at that seemingly defenseless little play boat bouncing along through the seas. It usually takes at least one proverbial "close shave" to make a pilot realize exactly what can happen and does happen.

I checked the instruments and ran over the diving checkoff list. All set. It was follow-the-leader now, and I was one of the "High Hats."

And then Number One peeled off and started down, followed in a pouring movement by Two, Three and Four. Through the telescope sight I watched the tail and stubby back of Number Seventeen as I hung on his slip stream. There he went, up and over, and I hauled back and rolled right behind him, my propeller as close to his tail as I dared put it. The nose dropped down, down, straight at the tiny white target.

Through the sight, I counted six planes diving straight at the water and, far below, three or four pulling out in a rounded arc. The air speed jumped to 200, 240, 300, and the altimeter started to unwind. Seven thousand, six, four. My hand slid up to the bomb release. The wind began that moaning shriek, and I crouched as low as possible into the cockpit. Three thousand—and time to get out.

Ship, water, plane and horizon merged into a gray almost black, and

Air Base

I knew I had pulled out too fast. The weight I felt was not three trucks on top of me, but gravity getting in her lick. I swore in aggravation.

A few seconds later I reached for the microphone. "Bombing Two—attack completed." The squadron was circling lazily, waiting on little me as I tried to catch them, and it seemed that even the wings of my plane must be turning bright green.

Back at the squadron, we heard the captain's verdict, "Gentlemen, that was very good. We only got five hits, but our bomb pattern was good and results look promising. Your dive was good, but I'd like still to cut it shorter. That's all."

I wondered why he didn't warn me about the pull-out and mention the time I cost the squadron by joining up late. But that was the way with Alex. He knew that you learn this business and its tricks by a little experience. He probably figured, too, that I had learned a lesson. I had.



Crashes, Crack Ups and Discipline:

In the four years we spent on North Island and in warring around the Pacific from the decks of carriers, our class lost only four men. We numbered nearly 40 on graduation and, when you consider the chances for accidents with each of these men doing hard, rugged flying and split-second timing—well, one in 10 is just about average.

Probably the primary cause of

crackups is carelessness, but a supplementary cause is the grasp for excellence—every man will do his damndest to keep his squadron record high.

Smitty was one who was thus over-eager in his search for excellence; he was the "first" of our "four." It is always great fun to tease brother pilots, and Smitty teased easily.

"Smith, you don't expect to get any hits today on the *Utah*, do you?" Fred said. It seemed to be Smith's day to be in the "frying pan" so we all joined in. Smith just laughed, "O. K., gents, but I've got a feeling in my bones I'll bounce mine right down the stack."

That afternoon we had hardly gotten into the air for some formation practice when the radio cracked in my ears, "Crash, crash, crash." It was our distress call sounding a crack-up somewhere. Immediately the air was alive with calls:

"Squadron Leader, Bombing One to One Baker Seven—proceed to crash and give a report. All other planes Bombing One return to the base immediately."

"I believe it was Number Seventeen," another voice spoke up.

Alex led us in a wide, sweeping circle, gave us the signal to spread out until the crash was settled. I had a sad feeling in my middle: Number Seventeen was Smitty's plane. I kept hoping that just by chance Smith hadn't flown his own plane on this hop, and yet I knew that that couldn't

by Boone T. Guyton

be. But here was a man we had lived with, flown with for more than a year, and only an hour ago teased about getting a hit today. . . .

Later, we landed and I walked over to Squadron One to get the story. The officers were all standing around, talking quietly, trying to figure out what had gone wrong.

Apparently Smitty had pushed over in his dive, going down steeper than usual, and hung onto the target just a little too long to get his sights steady. Then, when he went to pull out there wasn't enough room. That evening the bomb-scarred old battle wagon *Utah* pulled into the base to report that she had been unable to find any piece of the wreckage or either member of the crew.

And so the next afternoon we put on our dress uniforms and attended services in the little chapel. In the officer's lounge, afterward, we took up a collection for flowers to send to Mrs. Smith. Then life and flying went right on as usual. It has to be that way in our business.

THERE WAS one rule I soon learned about that is more a tax on your common sense than anything else: "Don't fly over a solid overcast." Uncle Sam would just as soon let the instrument flying, unless absolutely necessary, be done by the regular commercial airlines. He is not interested in pushing you out into the field in foul weather with a fast, valuable fighting plane in order to

put over a flight. I discovered this fact to my discomfort one day shortly after turning back over March Field to return to the base.

The stratus clouds, which had been evident when I took off an hour earlier, had now formed into a solid overcast; the fog went right down to the ground. Right then I should have remembered the base rule and landed at March Field, which was still in the clear. But I didn't. That false sense of security and over-confidence an aviator sometimes gets was rambling along in my gray matter. Why not try what one of the boys had figured out? If there is an overcast at the station, fly out for four or five miles until you are sure there are no mountains, let down slowly until you get contact with the water and then turn around and fly in to the coastline and so back to North Island. I knew there wasn't much gas left, but there should be enough.

After 15 minutes I checked the fuel supply at 20 gallons and began to think this wasn't so smart after all. I felt sure we were far enough out to let down, so down through it we went, searching slowly until at 600 feet the water was visible below, though still through something of a mist. The fuel was getting lower and I was feeling more and more uncomfortable, like the schoolboy waiting for the birch rod.

Then out of nowhere came what I thought was the coast line—and I knew something was wrong. We had flown

Air Base

out to sea for 15 minutes and back for only five before we contacted land, and that couldn't be the mainland! Turning north, I flew parallel along the edge of this unannounced piece of land and noticed that the fog level was below the top of the hills. Almost immediately we ran out of land to the north and had to turn east to regain contact with shoreline.

My heart sank; I knew where I had ended up. This was San Clemente Island—60 miles from the California coast line. The gas gauge was bouncing against the 10-gallon danger mark and it was just a matter of minutes before we had to land.

May as well face it, I thought; here's your first crackup, your first boner, and you'd better hurry up. "Pull your belt up tight, Roberts," I said to the radio man, "and brace your hands on the gun rail. I have to land in the water."

Then I saw it—just a patch of open field running up the side of the mountain. If luck was with us, we could save the plane too and, after all, somebody must have landed on the side of a mountain before!

It worked. The plane didn't roll back down the slope because one blown tire was resting against the rock that had cut it. That was the only damage.

"Boy, that was swell," Roberts gave out as he slid down the side of the fuselage. Then he looked kinda funny, got white around the gills and slumped down to the ground in

as pretty a faint as a Victorian drawing room madonna.

That night I spent with the Marine contingent of San Clemente Island, having a drink on everyone, each determined to entertain a visitor from the base who "got away with murder." The next day we hooked up the plane and towed it back to North Island.

As I walked into the office Alex met me. "Well, glad to see you back safe. We got your message O.K. last night. How in the world did you happen to end up over there?"

I told him.

"Of course, you know," Alex said, "I'll have to put you under hatch (the customary first offender's discipline in the Navy) for about 10 days. I'm sorry, but the last orders from the commandant were to discipline everyone who broke a regulation."

I knew he was right. My mistake and stupidity hadn't cost a life, hadn't cost Uncle Sam anything, but look what could have happened!

I SUPPOSE a riot in the air is an unusual calamity, but we had the next thing to it in the sky around North Island one afternoon. The story, now a legend, is one of the best the air base has to offer.

Three Marine planes were making practice dives on a white target sleeve being towed by the fourth plane in the group. One of the planes misjudged and came too close to the white canvas sleeve and the next thing he knew there were about 20

by Boone T. Guyton

feet of cable and canvas wrapped around his wing.

The pilot tried to shake the target sleeve free, but couldn't, and noticing that there were only about 5,000 feet between him and the ground, he yelled back to the mechanic to bail out. He continued to fight the plane along on a steady course. The mechanic climbed over the side and floated away from the plane. The pilot prepared to do the same, but just as he was about to jump, he felt the plane jerk, and he noticed that the target that had fouled his controls had torn loose and was floating away. So back he climbed into the cockpit, fastened his safety belt and headed for North Island.

To the section leader, several thousand feet above the falling plane, the freed target sleeve looked like a second 'chute. Several seconds later he radioed, "North Island from Marine Plane One—the second occupant has just bailed out and his 'chute opened O.K., too. The plane is now diving in the general direction of North Island. Will try to follow until it crashes."

Then he opened up on the radio again: "All planes from Marine One. A pilotless plane is in the air between Camp Kearney and North Island, headed in the direction of Silver Strand. All be on the lookout."

In the meantime, the pilot of the "abandoned" aircraft was on his merry way to North Island.

The radio was alive with frantic

calls. "Pilotless plane is coming down the groove below the hotel! Marine plane without pilot is almost to South Field! All planes beware!"

Planes, section formations, single planes, flying boats, seaplanes, all swung wide and scattered, as unmindful Marine Plane Three came around the breakwater and landed on the field at West Beach. The poor pilot, who had lost the ear cord from his radio when he stood up to bail out, was completely oblivious to all the commotion he was causing.

The only thing he couldn't figure out, he told us later, was why everyone dived out of his way and cleared the sky! Usually you had to worry your way through the traffic back to the field!

When the news got around the air base, we had a big time teasing the pilot who reported, "Both occupants have bailed out, and the plane is diving toward North Island!" We promptly nicknamed the big, blond marine who flew back the heralded ship, "Ghost!"



Qualifying: Flying aboard a carrier for the first time is designed to be one of the choice moments in your flying career. That first trip up the groove, that first "cut" signal behind the narrow pitching and rolling deck is still the ace of them all. Your wheels are over water, then over deck, and then you find yourself holding onto the throttle just

Air Base

a bit breathless as you wait for the arresting gear to stop all forward motion suddenly.

The pilot generally forgets all the little reminders like, "Taxi fast as soon as you get free of the gear. Don't sit there after you land. Get going so the next plane can land aboard." He is usually too much pleased with his success at actually getting safely aboard and is a bit flustered at first.

The "groove" is the imaginary air space behind the stern of an aircraft carrier. When the pilot turns his plane in the groove he is prepared for landing, and from that point on, he watches and follows the signals from the officer standing on the stern of the carrier. Sperry Clark, who signals with those wands, has one of the toughest jobs in the whole air detachment—a job that turns a man prematurely gray.

Looking out across the white waves from the carrier some 40 or 50 feet below to the approaching plane as it turns in ahead of the plane-guard destroyers is an education in itself. Then to realize that the man with the two paddles behind you is signaling that plane across the chasm which separates its wheels from the churning ocean below makes you begin to wonder. But not for long. You find yourself in the plane in the next flight peering out of the cockpit at old Sperry and trying your damndest to make a good approach for him. The signal officer is appointed, among other things, for his ability

to understand a man and to get that man to want to put out his best. On land the signal officer works for several days, if necessary, to make certain the pilot knows how to follow signals and what to do in case he gets in a jam coming up the groove. And it is mandatory that you place implicit trust in the signal officer. The inevitable happens when you don't.

One day, when Sperry came in and joined us in a coke around the squadron table, I asked, trying to appear not too much the novice, "How much of a jolt is it when you stop after hitting the deck aboard the carrier? I understand it isn't so bad, but suppose the deck is pitching?"

"Well, that depends," he said. "If you're fast when you get the cut, the chances are you'll pull up pretty short. It will just force you up against the belt and hold you there a couple of seconds—maybe massage your breadbasket a little. Of course, if the stern is coming up when the signal officer gives his cut, you want to be careful not to push the nose over too far. It'll slap you down pretty hard."

The next day at noon the five of us took off on orders to rendezvous with the carrier.

The radio cracked, "Two Baker Ten from *Lexington*, the ship is ready to land you aboard. Acknowledge!"

Lieutenant Stewart answered, "Aye, aye, from Two Baker Ten."

I could see the two plane-guard destroyers knifing along through the easy swells astern of the carrier on

by Boone T. Gayton

either side of the wake. Their purpose is exactly what their name implies. If a pilot lands in the drink near the carrier, one of these fast "guards" spurts out to give aid.

The ship piped up, "Bombing Two planes from *Lexington*—land aboard!" I felt the tingle of something new and untried coming up.

"Land aboard!" I have heard those words often, and always with the same anticipation. It means put your wheels down—over the water, then over the deck, then on it. It also implies that you can land aboard with no more than that short order, and subconsciously you are proud that it is taken for granted.

I slowed the plane down, got into the groove, and leaned over on the left side of the cockpit to pick up Sperry. He was there all right, his coat flapping against him in the man-made breeze. I was too fast. Gosh, that deck looked narrow!

Sperry had the come-on signal showing, so I must have been doing O.K. My left hand gripped the throttle as though even the pulsations in my wrist might change the course of the ship. The throbbing yellow ramp looked suddenly very large and the signal officer was almost under the left wing. There was the cut! Sperry jerked the paddle across his throat, and I could just catch a quick smile on his lips and a nod as we flashed by. Pulling the throttle, I eased the nose forward, then up a little, and we were on the

deck. The arresting gear took hold immediately and we came to a sudden stop. I sank away from the belt and swallowed my heart.

We were aboard! I thought to myself, "You made it O.K., you old son of a gun. You're a full fledged carrier flier with one landing to your credit. Hurrah!"

In the evening at the base we would get the news from other squadron groups. "Stinky Davis hit the ramp coming aboard. One-half the plane slid up the deck while the other half hung over the stern. Wasn't even scratched, the lucky rascal! Imagine!"

"Hear about Charlie? He ended up minus landing gear and propeller. He's O.K. except for a big shiner and four stitches in his chops where the instrument panel didn't give."

Though a general spirit of teamwork prevailed, honors for the best demonstration of loyalty probably would go to Ensign Gil Brown and a third-class mechanic. The two were ferrying a Grumman amphibian from Tucson, Arizona, to San Diego and were passing over the Mohawk mountain range near Yuma when the engine suddenly became very rough. Within a second or two the whole engine vibrated itself out of the plane and fell away.

Gil jammed the stick forward to keep the nose-light plane in normal flight, at the same time yelling to the mechanic to bail out. Gil pulled himself out of the cockpit and started over the side when he noticed the

Air Base

mechanic still struggling to get free of the plane. He dropped back in the seat and grabbed the controls, feeling the ship pitch as the mechanic fell clear. Then Gil started out again.

But he had waited too long—the ground was only a few hundred feet below. He slid back into the seat, maneuvering the engineless ship as best he could until it crashed into the sandy desert to fold up like an accordion. That crash should have cost Gil his life—and it almost did. He went through the sub-instrument board, the half-intact part of the fire wall, and carried rudder bar and stick with him.

When the mechanic, who had landed a half-mile away, dragged himself to the plane over sand and cactus with a broken leg, he finally managed to get Gil out of the tangled wire and instruments, and to give him what first aid he could. On top of that, he dragged himself to the highway, another mile and a half north, stopped a car, and got some help. I talked to the mechanic in the hospital a few days later.

"That last quarter of a mile was sure long," he said. "I didn't think I could go another inch. I just kept thinkin' to myself about a title to a story I read somewhere—*The Long Haul*. Seemed like all I could think of was 'the long haul, the long haul.'"

Gil was all messed up. His right elbow is now such that he can bend his arm only enough to get the hand in his pants pocket. One ankle is

likewise stiff for keeps, and Gil has flown his last airplane for Uncle Sam. I believe the Navy sent him to a Reserve base for duty not involving flying, but I remember his words when he came over to the lounge for a drink with the boys after the hospital let him out for the first evening.

"Listen, you guys," he said, "I know what you're thinking, and don't give me any of that stuff. I don't need sympathy or pity—so stuff it, will you? Who wants to roll for a drink?"

We all knew he meant it, too.

A STORY with a happier ending concerns Mike Chambers, Second Lieutenant, United States Marine Corps Reserve—probably the luckiest man flying.

Dog-fighting one day with a scout bombing plane, and failing to get any pictures with his camera gun, Mike got a little overzealous.

"I swung around in a high turn to come back straight at him," Mike said. "Then I guess we both got the other in our sights at once, because the first thing I knew there he was, filling up the whole ring in my telescope. I squeezed out some pictures and then looked up fast, thinking maybe it was time for one of us to make a move, and—jumpin' fish—there he was!"

When they hit, the two planes were at 10,000 feet over Otay Mesa. Both pilot and mechanic in the scout ship bailed out O.K. But Mike had a different problem. The whole left wing

by Boone T. Guyton

of his fighter folded back over the cockpit, pinning Mike in, and the plane went into a vicious spin. Mike heaved and strained against the wing, trying to force himself out of the cockpit.

At something like 4,000 feet he finally got his shoulders through and, hanging out over the side, watching the earth spin around like a top, tried to pull his feet through the twisted mass of control wires.

Then he kicked and jerked, pulling off the shoe that was fouled in the cables, and got everything out of the cockpit but his fanny, which was stuck where the parachute wouldn't quite come through the gap left between the wing and fuselage. The two occupants from the scout watched his plane as they floated down.

"I didn't think he had a prayer," Jackson, the pilot, said. "It looked like his plane was almost to the ground when I saw his chute open. I'll swear he didn't have 300 feet left."

Mike said he hit the nice soft dirt on the mesa, where some "wonderful farmer was plowing," and just lay on his back for a few minutes completely relaxed. Then he got the farmer to haul him back to North Island. He never could figure out how he got his parachute free, nor did he remember pulling the rip cord. We teased Mike a little about leaving his plane and bailing out on such a "slight provocation," but after a look at the charred mass of scrap that the survey gang had hauled into the back of the hangar,

we knew how lucky he had been. Out in the fleet, when a fellow comes that close, he is "living on borrowed time."



War Games: "Man all flight-quarter stations! Man all flight-deck fire stations! Man all torpedo stations!" The orders rang out.

It was our third morning out, and the war was on. On the second day the fleet had split up into two parts, the black and the white, and now we—the whites—were ready to give battle.

There was a tenseness in the thick air, as though this were actual warfare and not the beginning of the annual fleet maneuvers.

"Bombing Two, man your planes."

It seems that whenever you get in the air to go out and attack the enemy, you want to hurry the whole thing up a little, to get there and get at him, to send back that report, "Destroyed enemy force by dive-bombing attack and am returning to the ship."

It was a little over an hour when the crack of the radio in my ears made me jump with a start. Alex wiggled his wings, rolled over, and started down. A sudden flash of silver and yellow, and the next plane rolled. Then the next and the next. Down we went, stretching out in that long, steep line of diving planes, seemingly almost to the water just in front of the "enemy" cruisers.

I lined the third floating fortress in the sights, watching her superstructure

Air Base

grow suddenly larger and larger. Then I tripped the landing light (the substitution for a bomb in mock warfare) and pulled out above the belching stacks to head back to the rendezvous point.

I wondered if Larue, the mechanic in my back cockpit, had blacked out on that one, and I turned around to see. He grinned back and made a circle with his thumb and index finger to mean, "Everything is O.K."

Back aboard the carrier, we found the whole of the Scouting Squadron Two awaiting our arrival in the lower ready room, and we sat around and discussed where the rest of the black fleet were, and when they would attack us.

We pounded the ocean, flying from the first crack of light until dark. The carrier skipped in and out of the main battle line to launch planes; scout, attack, bomb the black fleet—our big-cruise enemy. Off we would go into the gray of early morning, follow the scouts to a disposition of enemy forces, and try to sneak through their protective patrol in order to score on their main line of heavy cruisers and battleships. The black fleet was doing the same.

THE BEST WAY Uncle Sam can be ready for an attack in his waters is to send his fleet out there, divide it like a baseball team, and give each an objective to accomplish. If either is successful, where is the weakness? Find it, return to the base for sup-

plies, new equipment, and out to sea again to fight another "war."

One day an incident took place that gave us many a laugh when the whole story came out. Ensign Kelley, flying one of the big three-passenger torpedo planes, ran completely out of gas some 15 miles from the ship. He dropped away from the squadron and started down toward a tramp steamer he had spotted.

The tramp stopped her engines, put out a boat, and took the three aviators off their sinking plane. The flotation gear had functioned properly, and the bags had inflated, but before the plane-guard destroyer could salvage the plane, the choppy seas had carried it away.

The tramp steamer turned out to be French, out of San Francisco.

The captain took the boys to his cabin, where he proceeded to open up his choice wine stock. In order not to "embarrass" the captain, the boys drank some long and lusty toasts to everyone's health. Far be it from Kelley not to hold up his end of the Naval etiquette he had learned! When the destroyer finally arrived several hours later, all three of the boys were in fine spirits; as they boarded the quarter-deck of the carrier the melodious voices of Kelley's trio wafted up to the bridge. Kelley swears that if every forced landing turned out like that one, he would put in a bid for all of them! Whenever we gathered around to do some barbershop harmony after that, we called ourselves

by Boone T. Guyton

"Kelley's trio," or, as Vensel put it, "sour notes from sour grapes!"

As the cruise goes along and a necessary silence prevails on all maneuvers and results, unanswerable questions pile up. You spend a lot of time at meals picking up the latest "guess" reports on how the "war" is progressing, asking timely questions, speculating as to the outcome.

WE WERE reminded over and over that the strictest radio silence be kept, but naturally, in any emergency, that silence has to be broken. One day, though, we had a long laugh when a pilot in one of the planes left his radio switch turned to "communications" instead of "inter-cockpit." He thought he was talking only to his mechanic in the back seat, but every plane in the sky heard him as he shot the breeze with his mech to break the monotony of a long patrol.

"How did you meet your wife in the first place?" said the first voice, breaking the day's silence.

"Oh, I knew her on the farm back in Missouri. She came out to Los Angeles to get a job about a year ago and we started going around again. Shucks, one day I found myself buying a ring—and there we were!"

"Gosh, that's great," the first voice answered.

"Yeah, she's going to meet me in San Francisco when we get back."

Fortunately for them, they didn't mention any names. Consequently no one ever discovered the culprits.

From dispatches sent around at long intervals we learned of the casualties that had occurred among our brother fliers on other ships. Jones, one of our class, a somewhat nervous, red-haired individual, had failed to notice that he was drifting into the plane-guard destroyer as he swung wide into the groove. The mast sheared the little Grumman's right wings, dropping both Jones and his plane straight down to Davy Jones's back yard. Only the two splintered wings were found, and services were held for a shipmate lost at sea.

The battle continued. On our carrier, mishaps frequently were hair-raising, but they had not been too harmful to personnel. A Douglas torpedo plane hooked a wing in the edge of the curved ramp while trying to gain altitude after a wave-off. The plane dropped straightway into the boiling wake of the carrier and disappeared. Less than a minute later, three heads popped up in the white froth, signaling that they weren't badly hurt. We all breathed a lot easier, the nearest "can" sped forward, dropped life preservers, and then lowered a boat to fetch aboard the three bruised aviators.

One morning before take-off we sat around the table in the wardroom after flight quarters had sounded, awaiting instructions. It was expected that the order to "cease all present activities" would be given at sundown, and we were in great spirits.

We pulled into Honolulu and got

Air Base

a great reception. Signs of welcome were plastered on every store and in every window. "Welcome Navy," "Hello gobs—have fun." The one that got me was in a Chinese shop. It read, "Last time you wrecked store but allee samee—welcome back Uncle Samee." (That smart Chinese had probably graduated from Yale or Princeton. He got the business.)

Over at the sea plane and patrol base at Pearl Harbor we spent almost two days visiting with classmates, listening to their stories of the islands.

We heard the usual spiel about the Japanese fishing boats which were presumed to follow our fleets when the maneuvers were on and get valuable information on our tactics and disposition. In all the cruises I made in the Navy I have yet to see the sampans that caused all the talk, though there were many references during operations to small fishing boats being seen near the fleet.



Home to North

Island: The day before we arrived outside the huge Golden Gate Bridge,

our carrier had its last practice parade. All squadron pilots met in the wardroom as usual to get the dope, and were cautioned to use fuel from their belly tanks first: "Run them dry before switching to main, as this flight will necessarily be long and you will need the fuel in the main tank for landing aboard."

Whether I was thinking about the

Navy Ball at San Francisco the next night or just plain day-dreaming I don't know. But that last warning didn't stick with me as we joined other planes over the carrier.

"All ships in the air from Senior Group Commander. We will repeat that last parade formation."

For some time I had been jockeying the throttle, keeping in position; then I noticed that I had been flying with my fuel switched to main tank instead of auxiliary. I hastily checked the gauge and switched it over. There was still enough gas in the main tank for landing aboard, but I knew I didn't have any to waste.

This was my time to get into a predicament. When I set the landing-gear switch to the down position to extend the wheels, one wheel didn't come down! As was the general practice, I immediately pulled clear of the landing circle and tried the gear release again. Still no luck. I picked up the microphone, "*Lexington* from Two Baker Six—my right wheel is stuck and will not release. I have tried the emergency landing-gear release." The *Lexington* came back hurriedly. "Two Baker Six from *Lexington*, go ahead, but expedite releasing the wheel, as a fog is expected on the water shortly after sundown."

A fine thing. They should tell me to expedite getting that wheel to drop—as if I wasn't hurrying, I thought. Who do they think is sitting up here with a half uncocked landing gear trying to beat the sun down!

by Boone T. Guyton

Then the main tank ran dry. One cough and a dying sputter and the engine quit. My heart almost quit with it! I shifted to belly tank and grabbed the wobble pump. It caught again and ran smoothly, but I knew now that from here on it was no fun. There was no way of telling how much fuel was left in that auxiliary tank! Suddenly I thought of the last resort, the last chance to free that wheel.

"*Lexington*, I am going to cut the line to the switch and attempt to release the hydraulic pressure."

The ship answered in short, terse sentences. "O.K. Guyton. Watch your gas. If the gear doesn't release, drop your belly tank and come aboard. We are going to give you all the wind we can over the deck."

I slid my hand along the side of the fuselage, unsheathed the small saw that was part of the emergency equipment in all planes, and began sawing the line. I began to think about the *Lexington's* order to drop the belly tank. I couldn't do that, or we wouldn't have any gas at all! I told the ship about it, but they didn't answer, and I could imagine the captain pacing the bridge muttering, "Young fool—damned young fool!"

Landing with the belly tank on was a real fire hazard, and I knew it. But the mistake caused by my earlier carelessness couldn't be corrected now. The line was almost in two. There! Seven hundred pounds of pressure sent a small geyser of hydraulic fluid all over the cockpit. The half castor

oil and half wood alcohol hit me in the face and covered the windshield. Half choking for breath, I tore the slimy helmet and goggles away and leaned out into the slip stream for a breath of something besides those sickening fumes. Behind me Larue was doing the same.

I swung around the stern low, offered a silent prayer that the gas wouldn't give out, and crossed into the groove ahead of the first rolling destroyer. With one eye out in the slip stream, I hung on the wands, riding in on Sperry's signals. It happened fast. The stern flashed by, the lighted wand waved, made the "cut." I jerked back on the throttle, threw the switch off, and ducked.

There was a scraping crunch and a hard jolt that rocked my nose against the gun sight. The plane slithered around to the right, bounced up on its nose, and tilted on the propeller hub. Then the daze cleared away, and the crash detail, the asbestos man, and a doctor rushed up.

"A broken nose and one split lip, young fellow," the doc said, walking me over beneath the gun turret, away from the crowd. "We'll have you fixed up in no time."

Larue wasn't hurt at all. He had taken the gas cap off and was tapping the tank with a stick. Then he caught up with us. "About two gallons left, sir," he said with a grin.

I couldn't go ashore for the big blowout at San Francisco, but I didn't miss the President's inspection

Air Base

the next morning. Nearly every ship of the Pacific Fleet lay at anchor in San Francisco Bay, all in full dress, scrubbed spotless, with brasswork shining and sparkling in the sun.

Our crew of nearly 2,000 officers and men, dressed in white uniforms, lined the full length of the flight deck in four even lines. Off in the lower part of the bay you could hear the 21-gun salute fired by one of the battleships, and from another part, shortly after, the national anthem floated softly across the water. The President and his party passed close by the starboard side, and our own band struck up.

As I stared out across the water at the *Pennsylvania*, one of the first "big five" of our entire fleet, I felt not storybook pride but a feeling of satisfaction. I thought about what a Navy officer had once told me.

"There is something about the

Navy that is unexplainable and you who weren't raised on its traditions will probably think it a bit on the dramatic side," he said. "But as you go along day to day, doing your job to the best of your ability, trying not to let someone else carry the load for you, that *something* grows. Maybe it is serving your country that gives you the pride you feel. I'm not sure. All I can tell you is that no matter how hard or naïve the sailor or officer appears in the naval service, if he is doing his job well, he feels it inside—and he's proud."

Now after two years, standing here on the deck of a ship I had served with, alongside the 2,000 other shipmates, I felt something. You may think it's funny—or that it smacks of Hollywood. I don't. And I started from scratch, a farm boy from Missouri, who had never seen a battleship or heard the phrase "carry on!"



So Would We

WHEN A YOUNG woman offered the clerk in the post office a money order, the latter, after a brief scrutiny, told her she must first endorse it.

A few minutes later the clerk was astonished to find that his customer had written on the face of the order, these words: "I heartily endorse this."

—ZETA ROTHSCHILD

Features You Won't Want to Miss in
the April Coronet — out March 25th

Looking Forward to April

ADVICE TO PREGNANT HUSBANDS

by Eileen Wilson

There's a lot more to becoming a father than merely buying a box of ten-cent cigars and taking bows. That's only the climax to nine long months of—well, read the article and see! Fathers-about-to-be—heed these handy rules. Mothers-about-to-be—move over and share the spotlight!

I LIVE ON THE ATLANTIC Anonymous

Could you live from day to day, never knowing when you may be blown to bits? Here's the story of one of the men who face death 24 hours daily, with a shrug of their shoulders and this motto: "It's our job!"

New Streamlined Novels:

CARDINAL ROCK

by Richard Sale



A radio warning, a gun shot clear and sharp—and the first in this four-part streamlined story of adventure along the Java coast is off to an exciting start. Be sure to be in on the beginning of the thrill-packed serial that moves at sixty per.

In addition: John Kieran spins a yarn or two, colored by an accompanying sports gatefold; Alice Bodwell Burke tells why *The Army Goes to Church*, and W. F. McDermott says, believe it or not, it's *Fun in a Dentist's Chair*.

New Picture Story:

12 MILLION BLACK VOICES by Richard Wright—America's greatest Negro writer, author of *Native Son*, tells the moving story of his people—a racial island cut off from American opportunity by a sea of prejudice. As a dramatic backdrop, you'll see some of the most strikingly candid shots ever made of Negroes.

New Fiction Features:

PUTT AND TAKE by Eustace Cockrell—When an irate putter wants to handicap his daughter's romance, she knows it's a case of golf heebie-jeebies—for which the cure is more golf! Here's a cure for what ails you.

New Game Book Section:

In spring mood, Coronet presents 16 pages of question-and-answer fun. One quiz is designed to test your knowledge of the Army and Navy.

Watch for the big April Coronet—on sale March 25th

Magazines in Uniform

Up until now we had never heard of the pen being mightier than anything but the sword. Yet if we believe all we read in the recent rush of magazines to the colors, it would seem the magazine has now been developed into some new special secret weapon. Death to all so rash as to tangle with *our* extra special features for this month—etc.

Actually, of course, the magazine is about as deadly as an echelon of katydids, so far as wreaking havoc on an enemy is concerned. What it *can* do, and do effectively, is to reflect the times accurately and to disseminate information in keeping with the principles for which a lot of young men are fighting and dying.

Take Coronet, whose aim has long

been to mirror the American scene: When you get right down to it, Coronet's job in wartime hasn't changed a bit. Though neither is it "business as usual."

For while our job remains the same—to reflect the American scene—that scene *has* changed. And it is the reflection of that change which you may notice in Coronet—which, if you examine our record, has been gradually apparent for a long time.

So until we hear of a way to smuggle TNT-packed copies into Tokyo, we'll continue to devote our entire effort toward that part in a war for which a magazine was cut out—to support our delegated leaders and to bring diversified reading (within the limits of discretion) to all Americans.

More than that no magazine can do.

The Coronet Dividend Coupon

(Clip and Mail this Coupon)



READER DIVIDEND COUPON No. 14

Reprint Editor, Coronet Magazine,
919 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me one unfolded reprint of the gatefold subject indicated below. I understand that I may receive the gatefold, *Our Fleet in Action*, as my free March reprint dividend, by checking the box next to it. I understand, also, that I may obtain either, or both, of the alternative dividends at 10c each (to cover cost of production and handling charges), if I so indicate.

- ☐ Our Fleet in Action: Painting by McClelland Barclay (no charge)
- ☐ Winter by the Sea: Painting by John Whorf (enclose 10c)
- ☐ Siesta: Color Photograph by Tom Kelley (enclose 10c)

Name.....

(PLEASE PRINT IN PENCIL)

Address.....

City.....State.....

Note: Reprints may be ordered *only* on this coupon—valid to March 25, 1942



The Coronet Workshop

RESULTS OF BALLOTING ON PROJECT #16

Here is the way you answered the questions Coronet asked last November regarding illustrations:

- a.** Those approving the new policy of added illustrative material—92%
- b.** Those preferring that Coronet use minimum illustration—8%

Many of you said that the drawings led you to read pieces you might otherwise pass over. Others commented that sketches used in the body of the article made for easier reading and kept interest at a high pitch.

Well, those are good reasons. In fact, they're the very ones the editors followed when they decided to use

more color in Coronet. And if there's anything else we can do to make your reading easier and brighter—just let us know!

There is cheering news even for the minority, however—those who voted against additional illustrative material because they feared it would cut down the amount of reading matter. Through the addition of 16 pages to the magazine, and certain mechanical adjustments, Coronet — even though more highly illustrated—is able to present a greater amount of reading matter than before—by almost 20%!

WINNERS OF THE AWARDS FOR PROJECT #16

For the best letters on Project No. 16, first prize has been awarded to Ernest Robson, Lafayette, Illinois; second prize to Frank G. Davis, Springfield, Ohio, and third prize to Miss Mabel Alexander, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Project #20

ILLUSTRATED BACK COVER

A year ago, Coronet's front cover was redesigned, and most of you have expressed your approval. Then, beginning with the January, 1942, issue, a new type of back cover took a bow. By now, you've seen three different examples, and we'd like to know whether—

- a.** The new illustrated type of back cover should be continued.
- b.** The new illustrated type of back cover should be discontinued.
- c.** Space on the back cover should be put to some other use.

Make your choice and give us the reasons. First prize of \$25, second prize of \$15 and third prize of \$5 will be awarded to those writing best letters. Entries must be postmarked no later than March 25th, and addressed to the Coronet Workshop, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Manuscripts, photographs and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, and must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase. No responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted. Subscribers' notices of change of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.



Boone T. Guyton (p. 161)



Walter B. Pitkin (p. 99)



Hugh Pentecost (p. 39)



McClelland Barclay (p. 17)

Between These Covers

... Boone T. Guyton spent the first six months of the present war testing French dive bombers. Now he's a Naval Air Corps officer . . . When Walter B. Pitkin decided his ideas were becoming old-fashioned, he burned all his notes and auto-toured America to learn what people were thinking . . . Hugh Pentecost once helped his friend, Rube Goldberg, "invent" a device which points a gun at a writer's temple, forcing him to stick to his typewriter . . . McClelland Barclay's first published sketch (for a medical journal) illustrated one of his father's operations. He was nine at the time.

